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A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S,
MOSTLY ORIGINAL
VOL. II

COLLECTION



OF THE
MUSEUM
OF
NATURAL HISTORY

MANUSCRIPTS

VOL. II

S Atkins (8)
12

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S,
MOSTLY ORIGINAL,
By SEVERAL HANDS.

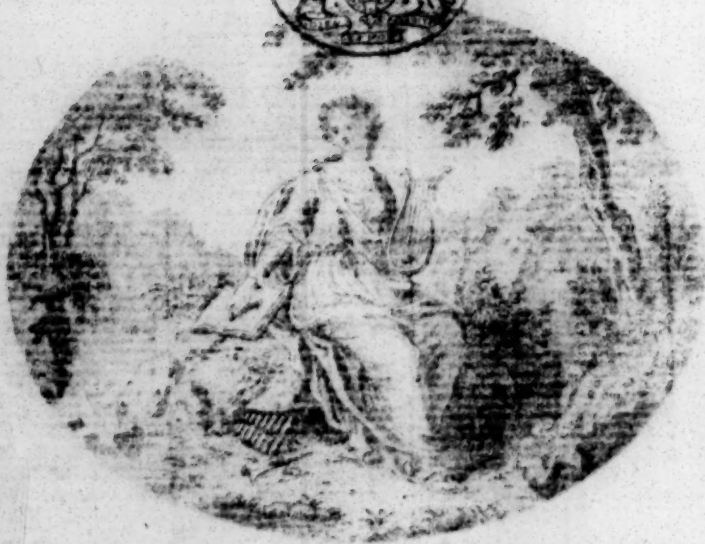


SPARSA COEGL.

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C O R R E C T A.

Page 18, line 17, dele holy.

P. 96, l. 14, walls read walks.

P. 104, l. 5, birds read bards.

P. 117, l. 15, prosperous read prosp'rous love.

P. 176, l. 5, immers'd read immerfed.

P. 231, l. 11, minute read minuet.

P. 273, l. 8, while its read while it.

M Y R R H A,

A N

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

A R G U M E N T.

IT may be objected, that scenes of horror, like the subject of the following little Poem, ought rather to be covered with a veil, or consigned to oblivion, than introduced to the public eye, in the dress of poetry. For my justification, I shall resort to the authority of the old Greek Tragedians, who thought the dreadful stories of *Œdipus* and *Medea* not unfit for representation on the public stage. The Mind loves to have her feelings roused, and I know no tale more apt to excite the emotions of terror and pity than that of *MYRRHA*, as related by *OVID*, whom I have followed, in his *Metamorphosis*—It is this: *MYRRHA* in early youth conceives a passion for her Father *CINYRAS*; every affectionate glance, every endearing expression, every paternal attention of the Parent fatally, but innocently, contribute to nourish the criminal desires of the Child. The fire consumes her vitals, her health rapidly declines, her frame is wasted away; her anguish of mind makes her look forward to approaching death as a desirable termination of her sufferings; her Nurse is alarmed at this melancholy situation; she employs all her arts of insinuation to obtain possession of her dreadful secret, and at length extorts from her a discovery of her love.

The Nurse, perceiving that *MYRRHA* must inevitably fall the victim of her passion if she continued to suppress it, and determined to save her life even at the price of her character and virtue, employs herself first to devise the means of gratifying her wishes, and then, which was a task more difficult, to persuade *MYRRHA* to employ those means.

The wife of *CINYRAS* and mother of *MYRRHA* was to assist at a solemn sacrifice, and the strictness of Religion required that the Lady should seclude herself from her husband sometime previous to it; the Sacrifice too was to be performed in a distant part of the country. During the temporary separation which this occasioned, *CINYRAS* felt certain wants, and applied to this Nurse, who appears to have been, indeed, a very notable personage, for the means of supplying them; *MYRRHA* was introduced to her Father in the gloom of night and departed before the dawn of day, bashfulness and delicacy were the pretext; the intercourse continued for some time without suspicion, curiosity at last prevailed; the unhappy Father introduced a light, while *MYRRHA* slept, and beheld the criminality and shame which night and silence had at first produced, and concealed so long.





M Y R R H A,
AN IRREGULAR ODE.

By WILLIAM PRESTON, Esq. M.R.I.A.

THE howling whirlwind swept the plain,
The pealing thunder rock'd the ground;
The headlong torrent swell'd amain,
While, in his wasteful triumph roll'd around,
Herds, and flocks and trees, and corn,
The shepherd and his cot were borne;

And Chaos, with a yell, exulting ran
To mar the beauteous works of nature and of man.

Ever and anon

The palpitating flakes of ruddy light'ning shone ;

Above—below—they run—they glare—

With low and fearful howl

The lion started from his lair,

Meteors blazing thro' his hair,

While on his head, in unctuous train,

They hung—or kindled thro' his mane ;

Rage and fear his eye-balls scowl,

The pines and gnarled oaks before him bend ;—

No more his custom'd haunts he knew,

Nor thirsted now the prey to rend ;

Wing'd, wing'd with fear he flew :

Where waves infuriate vex the rocky steep

He plung'd into the deep.

Wrapt in many a pitchy cloud

Night on Hades call'd aloud ;—

Affociate, wake ! to feast thine ear,

The mingled crash of ruin hear ;

Affociate, wake ! and see, to cheer thy sprite,

Works of Chaos, works of Night ;

Affociate, haste, arise, receive, from Destiny,

A dire oblation meet for Erebus and me.

Hark, hark—what shrieks redouble on the wind !
 Along the pathless waste,
 What pale, evanid phantom past ?—
 'Tis MYRRHA,—faded form and tortur'd mind !
 Her garments rent, and rent her beauteous hair,
 Distilling dank the drops of beating rain ;
 The wind-wav'd briar, the brake, and tangled thorn
 Her tender limbs have torn,
 And wand'ring, purple streams the polish'd iv'ry stain,—
 CINYRAS displays the sword,
 Her vengeful fire, her lover now no more,
 He waves the brand, a-thirst for gore,
 To mark an impious deed with punishment abhorr'd.
 Oh wretched father ! doubly, doubly lost,
 Lost to strike, and lost to spare,
 Endless shame, and endless care
 Rush upon thy fatal head,
 Peace is gone, and honour fled,
 And hopes and schemes of good by Stygian whirlwinds tost.

The winds are hush'd—the notes of anguish flow ;
 Ceaseless, thro' the gloom they creep,
 Like streams in sparry cavern deep,
 Trickling constant, sad, and slow.—
 Spare me, visions of affright,
 Ye spectres, teeming thro' the shades of night !

Heav'n is bursting o'er my head,
 The failing earth recedes where-e'er I tread,
 Unwilling to sustain the freight
 Of such a guilty thing's incumbent weight.

Oh fatal change !

Bewilder'd, lost, accurst I range,
 Nor ought of outward horrors find
 Dire,—as the change in this polluted mind.

Oh name for ever dreadful, ever dear !
 Lov'd name of fire, no more to fill mine ear ;

No more to tune my matin song,

Amidst the virgin throng :

Oh virgin throng, would Fates allow

I were your sister now !

To wear, like you, my golden hours;
 Spotless and sweet ye spring, as tender flow'rs;
 And forward look, with hallow'd awe, to prove,
 Th' auspicious moment of connubial love.—

There was a time, my father's name

Diffus'd no blush, the cheek to stain,

Awak'd no wish the soul to pain,

Or tremble thro' the guilty frame ;

But sweet and tranquil, by the mossy cell,

Or rushy dell,

Flow'd attemper'd to the chords,
 Flow'd in soft, spontaneous words,
 The secret haunts of Echo found,
 And bade the rural nymphs around
 Their homespun ditties cease,
 To join in choral strains of love, and piety, and peace.

Of love, and piety, and peace—dire change !

The Furies round me range ;
 The shriek—they dance—an hideous band,
 And all erect their hissing snakes,
 And one the curling venom takes,
 And gives it to my father's hand.—
 “ Arm thee for thy daughter's doom,
 “ Snatch the votive guilty bloom,
 “ Hurl it to the Sisters fell,
 “ 'Tis a garland meet to wreath
 “ Around the shrines of death,
 “ Or palaces of hell.
 “ Hurl to us the fatal charms,
 “ That, blessing, curst a father's arms.”

Dear, guiltless partner of a deed profane,
 Oh spare—detested and ador'd—
 To wash away, in blood, our common stain !
 Oh drop the murd'rous sword ;—

'Thus abject, thus defil'd,
Am I not still thy child ?
By all the joys my natal hour bestow'd,
When tears of gladness flow'd,
A pure, extatic flood ;
By all a parent's tender fears,
That fondly watch'd my helpless years,
When playful at thy knees I stood ;
By many a soft, delightful hour,
When my gay prattle, with amusive pow'r,
And melting influence stole,
Bland and gentle on thy soul,
And, as they met with mine,
Thy gracious eyes with doubled light would shine ;
Oh spare !

Shall not these thine arm restrain ?
Adjurations yet remain——
By the joys—accursed thought !
Cease my tongue with horrors fraught.——
Oh night to mem'ry baneful, and to mem'ry dear
The rolling year
Shall mark thee, in its course, for works of hate ;
Round the sacrifice of ill
Blood of innocents to spill,
Annual, the hags of night shall congregate.

All pow'rs of good that night resign their charge,
 And yelling fiends and harpies roam at large.
 Nor starry lamp, nor lunar gleam
 Thro' the murky vapours play ;
 Nor chearing light of village taper beam,
 To guide the trav'ler on his way.
 In earth below let vapours shine,
 Kindling, bursting from the mine,
 And flame sulphureous death,
 On many a wretch beneath.
 In Heav'n above, with crimson glare,
 Undulating thro' the air,
 Let meteors sweep, portentous rolling on ;
 While, smould'ring round th' abodes of sleep,
 Devouring flames thro' populous cities creep,
 Or torch its light funereal sheds,
 Sullen, o'er the mourner's heads,
 Where some fond mother wails her darling son.

The pow'rs unseen, with guilty skill,
 That weave th' indissoluble web of human ill,
 In hallow'd rites, and in the pious thought,
 Unwitting enginery of evil fought ;
 And bade my mother join the mystic train,
 And seek the distant fane.—

While wafted perfumes from the altar blaz'd,
And spicy volumes thro' the temple wreath'd,
Her hands devote the matron rais'd,
Her orisons she meekly breath'd,
And, as the fragrance reach'd the sky,
Call'd for blessings from on high ;
For blessings call'd, in accents mild,
To crown her husband and her child.—
What was then the husband's task ?
What blessing did the daughter ask ?
The husband and the daughter rush, to prove
The fierce excesses of incestuous love.

In sounds of agony confus'd and wild
I hear thee shriek, I hear thee rave ;—
Thy tresses on the ground are strew'd,
Thy bosom is with blood imbru'd ;—
I hear thee curse thy birth ;
I hear, I hear thee curse thy guilty child ;
I see thee stretch'd along—I see thee tear the earth—
To find a grave.—

What busy fiend, what curst malignant pow'r
Rul'd my natal hour,
In fair Lucina's semblance came,
And touch'd the new-born babe, with Stygian flame !

Better, mine eyes had then for ever clos'd ;
 Better, had I lain expos'd
 On savage heath, or mountain wild ;
 Or, like some vile neglected thing,
 Dash'd against the savage shore
 Amidst the billows' roar :
 Better, had serpents, with redoubled sting
 The heart yet guiltless found,
 And twin'd and twin'd my little limbs around :
 Better, had vultures borne me to their nest,
 And deep ingulph'd the beak within my breast ;
 Or kites entomb'd the dire, portentous child.

The nurse's care, unhallow'd and unblest,
 Foster'd me, at the breast.
 The Furies saw me to their purpose grow,
 Like beauteous plants, that rank with poison blow,
 The growth of stature and the rip'ning thought
 To riper mischief wrought ;
 While, with my vital blood,
 I fed the serpent brood,
 That harmless seem'd and gentler than the dove,
 Nor future incest fear'd, in filial love ;
 Pleas'd its lustre to behold,
 Its glossy spires of verdant gold ;

Midst my locks it freely play'd,
 Freely o'er my bosom stray'd,
 But soon a dragon vast, with dire control,
 And over shadowing wing,
 Possess'd my gloomy soul ;
 And brooding o'er, with mortal sting,
 Infernal rage instill'd,
 And all my veins with burning venom fill'd.
 From a small hidden spark my passion grew
 An all-consuming fire,
 Fed by unchaste desire ;
 Devour'd my pray'rs, devour'd my time,
 The loves and wishes of my youthful prime ;
 Devour'd my peace, my piety,
 Good thoughts, and fair reserves, and virgin decency ;
 And last devour'd my father too.

With some accursed spell,
 Or blandishments of hell,
 The front of guilt, that long my soul appall'd,
 An evil woman smooth'd ;
 Priestests of infernal rite,
 O'er-ruling influence of that horrid night :—
 Recoiling sense the pois'nous opiate footh'd.—
 My half-reluctant hand she seiz'd ;

Remorse, remorse had interpos'd,
 But interpos'd in vain ;—
 Her guilty voice the minion mischiefs rais'd,
 And pleasure's vile illusions round she call'd ;—
 Then fierce desires, a murky train,
 On faint remorse the doors of mem'ry clos'd.—
 My trembling steps she led
 To that accursed bed ;
 Then—wretched infant, curst e'er born,
 In gaining life lost and forlorn,
 What desert land—what savage cave,
 While I in madness writhe and agonizing rave,
 Shall hear thy first poor feeble cries ?
 Shall give to hated light thy more detested eyes ?

By what name shalt thou be stil'd ?—
 Art thou brother ? art thou child ?
 I feel thee here—with wild affright,
 The monster soon shall see the light.—
 What Stygian pow'r thy fate commands ?
 What impious deeds await thy little hands ?
 Thy mother's doom no more shall seem the worst,
 When thou shalt rise, more guilty and more curst.
 The monstrous legends, fabled crimes,
 The story'd pangs of other times

Shall live in thee.—The fister Fiends, that wait,
At Pluto's triple gate,
Quench their flaming brands, in blood,
And, with the baneful wood,
O'er the portal of his halls,
Along the flame-encinctur'd walls,
In characters of woe describe thy fate.—
—She ceas'd—From Heav'n the lightning came,
And wrapt her round, in sheets of flame.
Etherial mischief, sacred fire,
Weapon of th' Almighty's ire,
Devours the vitals ; scorches thro' the veins ;
The solid melts ; the fluid drains.—
Tis done——tis done——
All human form is gone.
And MYRRHA lies, a spectacle of wrath,

A B S E N C E.

By THE SAME.

IF when the lover quits the bow'rs
That hold the sov'reign of his heart,
He goes assur'd by mutual love,
That dear assurance gilds his hours;
Tho' doom'd by Heav'n awhile to part,
And doom'd o'er distant plains to rove,

Hope goes companion of his way,
And bids him forward glance his eyes,
The dawn of rising good to see;
And hails the glad revolving day,
When love, for all his pangs and sighs,
Shall pay him back with usury.

Thro' fairy scenes, th' enchanted mind
Pursues th' ideal form of good,
And revels in delightful bow'rs ;
Finds the dear maid all-melting kind,
In deep recesses of the wood,
Or languishing on beds of flow'rs.

But tell me, lovers, how the night,
Must wear with him, and how the morn,
Who leaving her he prizes dear,
And reft of hope's all-cheering light ;
Must wander wild and weep forlorn,
And Doubt at once and Absence bear ?

E L I Z A.

A N E L E G Y,

B Y T H E S A M E.

W I T H placid march the sleepy river flows,
And cots, and herds, and groves it's mirror shows ;
It sees with rev'rence, on it's verdant side,
Eliza's dwelling rise in Gothic pride.
With trembling pace how oft my eager feet
Have trac'd the woods that gird the gloomy feat ?
Spite of myself, by magic influence drawn,
For weary hours I watch'd the ling'ring dawn ;
And oft invok'd, yet fear'd, the morning light,
That gave her beauties to my dazzled sight.

All, all the vital energies confin'd—
One darling object fills my brooding mind ;

'To nought beside my thoughts and organs free,
 The charms of Nature are not charms for me;
 The goods of Heav'n——alas ! they only teach
 The want of blessings I must never reach :
 Fond of my bane, a sickly joy I prove——
 To feed my full-swoln heart with draughts of love.—

Oh seldom seen ! and then with trembling view'd !
 With humble zeal und hallow'd awe pursued !
 Prostrate I bend, while thou art thron'd on high ;
 Thy heav'nly lustre wounds my feeble eye :
 Rev'rent and seldom, thus, with trembling pace ;
 The Hebrew Pontiff sought the holy place ;
 Once in the year unveil'd the mystic shrine,
 And caught, with rapt'rous glance, the beam divine ;
 Ador'd the bright effulgence, and retir'd ;
 Then, distant, worshipp'd, with th' idea fir'd,
 In silent raptures breath'd an holy holy flame,
 For pious awe suppress'd the Maker's name :
 Mysterious word ! with awe by cherubs sung !
 Too high, too holy for a mortal tongue.
 And I——if weak and wretched man may dare
 And earthly with an heav'nly love compare—
 No—never shall my voice or rhymes impart
 The mighty secret of th' adoring heart.

What glorious form attracts my longing eyes ?
 What fruitless wishes prompt th' unwearied sighs ?
 And yet 'tis vain—for in my verse pourtray'd
 Lives the bright image of the worshipp'd maid ;
 Such beams, as ne'er round other woman shone,
 Sense, virtues, beauty join'd, in her alone.
 Oh fairest, brightest ! vainly would my flames
 Conceal their object under borrow'd names :——
 Who can, like thee, poetic rage inspire,
 Exalt with wonder, and to frenzy fire
 Each feeling heart ! In thee shall CLARA find
 Th' ennobled nature, and the polish'd mind ;
 The gen'rous purpose of th' angelic breast,
 In softest sounds and aptest phrase express'd ;
 The radiant face, that mocks the painter's art,
 The dove-like eyes, that peaceful lightnings dart.
 Ye gentle spirits, should th' enamour'd lay
 With feeble strokes the secret heart pourtray ;
 Forbear to publish what ye find reveal'd,
 The mystic truth, from vulgar souls conceal'd :
 Forbid it, Heav'n, the common herd should dare
 With tongues unhallow'd but to name my fair.
 My soul abhors the groveling, sordid band,
 That mock the love they cannot understand ;
 Unfeeling World ! thy selfish sons deride
 Love's gen'rous woes, and agonizing pride.

To future maidens, that shall join their tears,
 Should these poor strains survive in other years,
 (And sure they may—from all-devouring time
 The Queen of love may snatch the votive rhyme,
 And o'er her bard the radiant cloud expand
 That veil'd Æneas from the Grecian hand.*
 And frustrate Death, that his all-conquering blow
 Shall lay the man, but not the poet low)
 Warm from the soul, my numbers shall impart
 Love's puissant empire o'er the feeling heart;
 What heights he soars, with beam celestial fir'd,
 Where never wishes, never hopes aspir'd;
 And yet how low, by strange, despotic law,
 He bends, in humble fear, and hallow'd awe.

ELIZA, can thine high-born worth descend
 To view the lover in thine humble friend;
 The thought almost a sacrilege appears,
 Yet hope will sometimes blaze, thro' gloomy fears;
 To Heav'n of Heav'ns will waft the madding soul,
 And feast on future good without control.

* Diomedes.

(21)

TO

A L A D Y,

WHO HAD A SCAR ON HER BREAST.

BY THE SAME.

OH! tell not me her heart is cold,
Soft, soft as Venus' dove ;
Her heart the gentlest wish can hold,
Her heart is made for love. .

For on her breast I chanc'd to spy
A scar, from Cupid's dart ;
A nest, where little Cupids lie,
In ambush for the heart.

Oh! if to touch that hallow'd place
My happy lips might dare,
I would not wake a single Grace,
Or Love, that nestles there.

Should on my lips one Love remain,
Fast clinging like a bee;
Sweetest, I'll kiss thy breast again,
And give him back to thee.

HOPE AND FEAR.

BY THE SAME.

WARM Hope, cold Fear, high church, and low
Within my breast contend;
And Devil take me, if I know
How the debate will end ;—

While Love, that with resistless might
Has ever sway'd my life,
Alternate siding in the fight,
Embroids the mortal strife.

Says, Hope, with self-important air,
“ Why thus at distance stand ?
“ Come, brush up boldly to the fair,
“ With courage ask her hand.

“ The bashful air, the timid qualm
“ Will ne’er her liking move ;
“ In war ’tis courage gains the palm,
“ It wins the prize of Love.

“ Kind looks, soft words may rapture give,
“ And charming are her smiles ;
“ But say—can ardent passion live,
“ On looks, and words, and smiles ?”

With trembling pace, cold wrinkled Fear,
With shrugs and downcast eyes,
Says—“ think not thou the port so near,
“ That still, far distant lies.

“ Slow patience was to human minds
“ For high achievements giv’n ;
“ Thus Alchemy the secret finds,
“ And fairs ascend to Heav’n.

“ Better, those looks and smiles retain,
“ Than, by some daring plan,
“ Convert her kindness to disdain,
“ And live a banish’d man.”

Says Hope—" 'twas rashness that obtain'd

“ A world for Ammon's son ;

“ And oft from woman, has it gain'd

“ A prize worth all he won.

“ Love, faithful Love, the place supplies

“ Of ev'ry charm beside ;

“ Can steal from prudes their dear disguise,

“ From haughty nymphs their pride.”

• Says Fear—" The slow and cautious aim

“ Will mark the wise man's way ;

“ And deathless in that Roman's name,

“ Who conquer'd by delay.

“ Let Hope and Vanity combine,

“ And both united tell,—

“ Is any one endowment thine,

“ To win so bright a belle ?”

Says Hope—" The Mistress of thy fate

“ Thine humble muse approves ;—

“ And say—can she the vot'rist hate ?

“ When she th' oblation loves.

“ Her words breathe soft as genial air,
“ Her looks to cheer thee shine ;
“ Love’s tender blossoms promise fair ;
“ And shall no fruit be thine ?”

Says Fear—“ Adoring throngs have bow’d
“ And clouds of incense giv’n ;
“ Yet one alone of all the croud,
“ Was wafted up to Heav’n.

“ Bright suns and genial breezes reach,
“ Alike, the high and low ;
“ And autumn, with the gen’rous peach,
“ Matures th’ ungrateful fleece.”

Thus, to and fro, like tennis ball,
They bandy my poor soul ;
Reason, as arbitress I call,
To limit their control :

But Reason, with a scornful glance,
Swears—she’ll no longer stay ;
So, I must fairly trust to chance,
As umpire of the fray.

ON THE
RETURN OF SPRING.

BY THE SAME.

NOW Heav'n its choicest dew-drop sheds,
And nature now with beauty weds ;
Like holy oil, the vernal show'r
Descends upon their nuptial hour ;
Their children are voluptuous gales,
That rove and wanton thro' the vales,
The painted birds, the laughing flow'rs,
And shrubs that twine in sylvan bow'rs.
Now health, with mountain herbage crown'd,
Summons the little breezes round,
And bids them to their task repair,
To cleanse, and fan the balmy air,
And pour, from many a fairy hand,
Delight and plenty thro' the land :

Now, ev'ry little plant has crept
 From winter cells, where long it slept,
 And wonders at the vernal beam,
 And gladly drinks the dewy stream,
 To make its filken buds more gay
 And deck the gen'ral pomp of May :
 Abroad the soul of beauty flies,
 And earth informs, and flood, and skies ;
 From all things round it speaks delight,
 To touch, and hearing, smell, and sight ;
 The virgin's charms, the whisp'ring gale,
 The flow'rs, the birds, the cultur'd vale.

How diff'rent far my spring of life ?
 Despair of reason, passion's strife ;
 Desire, with wild, tumultuous blasts,
 Each best and fairest moment wastes ;
 Its happiest hours, its fairest prime,
 Can boast but barren shoots of rhyme,
 The plans, where follies vainly toil,
 And aims, that thousand trifles foil.

But, Friendship, spread thy sacred flow'rs,
 And thrive and twine in shady bow'rs,
 To grief and toil a friendly seat,
 In fortune's cold, and passion's heat ;

They time alone, and care demand,
And widely spread, and firmly stand ;
Their stems diffuse an healing balm,
And being's fiercest anguish calm.
They best the path of life adorn
And yet they sometimes bear a thorn.

(30)

A D V I C E

TO

A L A D Y,

BY THE SAME.

TELL me MIRA, tell me truly,
Hast thou ever learn'd to love ?
If thou hast not, ask it duly,
Ask it of the pow'rs above.

Love, dear MIRA, is a blessing ;
Love adorns the brightest fair,
More than all the arts of dressing,
More than gold and jewels rare.

Love inspires delicious languor,
Gives the soft bewitching tone,
Healing grief and soothing anger,
Making ev'ry heart its own.

Love, that ev'ry living creature
With soft blandishment supplies,
Lightens in the human feature,
Laughs in darling woman's eyes.

Now, he glows in mantling blushes,
Now, with meaning glance beguiles,
Now o'er all the frame he rushes,
Now retires in radiant smiles.

Sweet are Phœbus' parting traces
In th' empurpled western sky,
And the streamlet, as it passes,
Leaves the flow'rs a sweeter die ;

Sweeter traces, joy and pleasure,
Parting, on the face bestow ;
And what joys, in height and measure,
Equal those that lovers know ?

You are now divinely handsome,
But, would you resistless prove,
Charm us beyond pow'r of ransom,
MIRA, you must learn to love.

Lov'd and loving, blest'd and blessing,
Transports tingling in each vein,
Grace divine, beyond expressing,
O'er thy form and face would reign.

'Tis not ev'ry soul, that merits
Love's delightful gifts to share ;
No—he flies the fordid spirits,
Stain'd with base and vulgar care.

Love, th' ennobled mind adorning,
Rises o'er the selfish school,
Fame and worldly wisdom scorning
Of the hypocrite, and fool.

MIRA, to his soft dominion
Give thy person, heart, and soul ;
Fly from Fortune's gilded minion,
Only yield to Love's control.

MIRA, would you chuse a poet
From the fond admiring throng ;
I can love, and I can show it,
Show it both in prose and song.

Thoufands you may meet more worthy,
But in love I yield to none ;
I could die with pleafure for thee,
I would live for thee alone.

I could love thee, no man better,
Might I hope the leaft return ;
But thy fmile muft gild the fetter,
MIRA, ere by me 'tis worn.

E L E G Y,

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S DESIRING THE AUTHOR TO ADDRESS SOME
VERSES TO HER.

By THE SAME.

WHILE gainful studies fill the void of time,
And sober int'rest bids adieu to rhyme,
Doom'd to the mine, from pits obscure, I draw
The costly treasures of mysterious law,
Where sense lies buried, in the dross profound
Of vain distinctions hid, and barb'rous sound ;
And mighty minds, to puny aims confin'd,
Like the strong Danite in a prison grind ;
'Midst the loud labours of the wordy war,
The venal clamours, of the brawling bar,
What sudden glory gilds the darkling hour !
I feel—I feel thee—Beauty's mystic pow'r !
Ne'er shall my soul thy gentle sway refuse,
Ne'er shall thine influence want my ready muse :

Awhile, forgive me, sacred thirst of gain,
 MIRANDA calls me from the toiling train ;
 Again to bathe my thirsty lip, she brings
 The sparkling crystal from Castalian springs ;
 And now, she takes my long-forgotten lyre,
 Explores each stop, and tunes the golden wire ;
 Say shall my lyre so bright a theme refuse,
 The fairest subject for the happiest muse ?
 The looks, the smiles refuse, that might reward
 The Heav'n-taught descant of a royal bard ;
 Hear me not, prudence, while the truant song
 Again enrolls me, with the rhyming throng ;
 One votive strain, ye tuneful maids, impart,
 One farewell lesson of your magic art ;
 The magic art, that fairy scenes display'd,
 In airy pomp the sylphid forms array'd,
 And Fancy's children born, of plastic mind,
 Sweet sportive elves, in laughing groupings combin'd :
 Then be your books, like PROSPER's volumes drown'd,
 And broke the wand, that call'd illusions round.

And yet—how rash, to sing MIRANDA's charms ;
 My heart, my foolish heart may feel th' alarms
 Of vain desire—and CLARA's image fade,
 And fade the faith I plighted to her shade.

Too well my foul the pow'r of beauty knows,
 Within my veins no temp'rate current flows;
 The muse's boon may prove a poison'd dart
 My rhymes a snare to catch the poet's heart.
 Can I, ev'n I, with cold indiff'rence see,
 Arm'd as I am in love of liberty,
 The radiant face, that mocks the painter's skill,
 The beaming eyes that lambent lightnings fill,
 The form encircled with ethereal fire,
 That speaks enchantment and that breathes desire.
 But when the soft, warm coral opes, and shows
 The beauteous iv'ry, plac'd in even rows;
 When soft persuasion seraph smiles dispense,
 And sounds melodious heighten polish'd sense;
 What active thought can fly the bland control,
 What icy armour can secure the soul?

But friendship pours no panegyric lays,
 And sense, like thine, requires no vulgar praise:
 Around thy form, what Loves and Graces stray,
 Bask in thy smiles, and thro' thy tresses play,
 Thy glass can tell,—and tell a thousand times,
 In livelier tones than all a poet's rhymes.
 Spontaneous, pure, meandering from the heart,
 Flows the free strain, that friendly thoughts impart,
 While adulation, with fantastic skill,
 In founding jetties wastes the tortur'd rill,

Gentle and soft within its bank it flows,
 To bathe the violet and refresh the rose ;
 Sudden and fierce, to ravage and devour
 Bursts the wild stream impetuous wishes pour.

Extremes alike my temp'rate verse disclaims,
 The flatt'rer's coldness, and the lover's flames ;
 Careless and void of selfish art it bears
 My friendly wishes to MIRANDA's ears.—
 May all her days in tranquil pleasures roll,
 Bright as her eyes, and gentle as her soul ;
 O may no pangs of passion ill repay'd,
 Or keen ingratitude her peace invade ;
 Nor, late repentant, let her feeling mind
 The gloomy tyrant in the lover find :
 But when that day, which ladies wish, yet fear,
 To Hymen's altar shall his vot'ry bear,
 May Love propitious lead some gentle youth,
 Adorn'd with virtues, and inspir'd with truth,
 Thy form shall ev'ry where adorers find—
 But sense be his, to prize thy polish'd mind ;
 Nor may the Graces their bright gifts withhold
 Nor Fate refuse that useful mischief—Gold.—
 That cause and instrument of thousand crimes
 Is Virtue's guard in these degen'rate times.

THE
DELPHIC FIRE*.

BY THE SAME.

O'ER Hymettus flow'ry head
When the Persian myriads spread,
From her neck, with happy stroke,
Athens smote the galling yoke.—

* As this poem is perhaps somewhat obscure, it may not be amiss to afford it an explanatory note.—After the battle of Platea, in which the Persian army was routed, the Spartans and Athenians contended warmly for the honour of erecting a trophy: at length, to avoid a rupture, that privilege was conceded to the Plateans: the Athenians consulted the oracle about a proper sacrifice of thanksgiving for their victory; and were ordered to erect an altar to Jove the Deliverer; but not to offer sacrifices on it, until they had quenched the fire all thro' their country, because it had been prophaned by the Persians, and brought pure fire from Delphos. The magistrates went round, and compelled all persons in the territory of Platea to extinguish their

Then, to tell the noble story,
 Rose the fane to Jove and glory ;
 Deck'd with laurels fet in blood
 Freedom's awful temple stood—
 Sacred, unpolluted fires
 Eleutherian Jove requires ;
 Athens quench'd within her bound
 Ev'ry fire that Persia own'd,
 That had gleam'd—polluted light !—
 For Persia warm, for Persia bright.
 DELPHOS lent her hallow'd flame ;—
 Where the Persian never came,
 Spotless from barbarian sway,
 Pure it gleam'd, a free-born ray.

Let the youth who seeks to prove
 What is passion, what is love ;
 Who would feel a gen'rous flame,
 Would the pride of loving claim ;

fires. Euchidas a Platean, undertook to bring pure fire with all possible expedition from Delphos. He set out accordingly, and when he arrived there, having made lustration, sprinkled himself with pure water, and, being crowned with laurel, took fire from the altar :—he ran back to Platea, and reached home before sun-set, having performed in one day a journey of one thousand stadia, about one hundred and thirty miles; he saluted his fellow citizens, delivered the sacred fire, and, falling down, suddenly expired.

See PLUTARCH, Life of ARISTIDES.

Let him quench the fordid fires,
Worldly wishes, base desires,
Ev'ry spark distain'd, of old,
By the savage love of gold.—
Let him from the virgin's eyes,
Soothing words, and melting sighs,
Gentle feelings void of art,
Catch the spark, to warm his heart.
Ev'ry throb and ev'ry glow
Love must kindle, love bestow,
All his other hopes and fears
Let him quench, with am'rous tears.

(4)

TO

A Y O U N G L A D Y,

WITH A BOUQUET.

By M.

THE sun no more his summer radiance pours,
No longer darts around his plastic ray ;
No longer ripens rich Pomona's stores,
Nor bids expanding flow'rets charm the day :

Yet see—these flow'rs amid the winter's cold
In all the charms of vernal sweetness glow,
Disdain by frozen skies to be controll'd,
And sweetly bloom beneath impending snow.

Virtue no longer animates mankind,
No more the warm, heroic bosom fires;
No longer in the gentle female mind
The softer virtues of the sex inspires.

Yet, in this age, by ev'ry vice debas'd,
One friend I boast, whose soul, unstain'd by art,
Is blest'd with sense, good humour, and with taste,
And ev'ry virtue of a feeling heart.

Go, then, sweet flow'rs, and grace my fav'rite fair;
And while upon her snowy breast reclin'd,
To all, who view your blooming charms, declare,
You're but an emblem of DORINDA's mind.

(43)

TO

T H E S A M E.

ON HER

STREWING HER BED WITH ROSES.

By THE SAME.

ON rosy beds the Queen of beauty lay
When with her charms she blest the God of day :
A rosy bed our love-sick mother prest,
And dream'd she clasp'd her Adam to her breast.
When laughing Graces deck'd DORINDA's bed,
And blushing roses there their fragrance shed,
Confess, dear girl, nor think your friend will blame,
Was it reality, or but a dream ?

(44)

TO

A L A D Y,

WHO WAS AFRAID OF THUNDER.

By R.

WHY does CECILIA's bosom beat
With idle, fancied fear ;
Say can she entertain a doubt
Of Heav'n's protecting care ?

Say, will not that Almighty pow'r
Who bids the light'nings fly,
Protect the object of his love,
Tho' fire enwrap the sky ?

What, tho' the thunders roll aloud,
 'Tis but by his command ;
Who sheds ten thousand blessings round,
 And glads the smiling land.

Amid the thunder's awful sound
 Methinks a voice I hear,
Which thus proclaims to all around,
 " That virtue needs not fear.

" 'Tis guilt alone, that needs to dread
 " Heav'n's keen, all-searching eye ;
" Amid the blaze of burning worlds
 " 'Tis guilt alone needs fly."

Then trust, my friend, in that dread Pow'r
 Who can thy life maintain ;
And nobly scorn such idle fears,
 As impotent and vain.

Thy virtue may behold, unmov'd,
 The glories of the sky ;
And all its awful beauties view
 With an undaunted eye.

Tho' threat'ning thunders shake the poles,
Tho' light'nings flash on high,
Tho' earth disclose her trembling womb,
And sea unite with sky ;

Amid the dread, tremendous storm
God's gracious care could save;
And thou might'st sit, and smile secure,
Tho' Nature found her grave.

But of that guardian care bereft,
We breathe empoison'd air ;
And in the safest path we tread,
We meet the fatal snare.

Then let no foolish fears disturb
The quiet of thy breast ;
For in thy God's protecting care
Thou may'st securely rest.

TO

A L A D Y,

WHO BROUGHT HOME HER LITTLE SON FROM A FRIEND'S HOUSE
WHERE HE HAD BEEN FOR A FEW DAYS.

By L

YOU, who to friendship's sacred flame pretend,
And yet can coolly lacerate a friend ;
Who boast your heart, and yet without remorse,
Can cut off hope, the wretch's last resource :
Hear, and confess the justness of my grief,
And, if you yet can feel, extend relief.
Year after year I've tried each female art,
To change my name, and conquer one poor heart ;
For this in various forms my hair I spread,
And bore the burning iron on my head ;
For this I went abroad at ev'ry call,
I pray'd at church, or flirted at a ball ;
Each rising sun with hope inspir'd my breast,
Each falling night my vanity repress ;

Till, tir'd at length, I censur'd all mankind
 As vain, as trifling, ignorant or blind.
 Just then your son, your young ALEXIS came,
 To call me wife, and save his sex from shame ;
 With love and gratitude my bosom glow'd,
 And ev'ry act my fond attention shew'd.
 For him with care I chose the brownest meat,
 And with a double portion heap'd his plate ;
 When I the luncheon to each youngster bore,
 His thicker piece was niecely butter'd o'er,
 With sugar spread, and with glass windows grac'd,
 To please his eye, and captivate his taste :
 When I prepar'd the gift of China's grove ;
 His sweeter cup confest the hand of love ;
 Oft have I snatch'd him from impending harms,
 And sav'd him from his brother's stronger arms ;
 To him, what tales of fairies have I told,
 Of peerless ladies, and of princes bold :
 I by such care the want of charms supplied,
 And Love bestow'd what Nature has denied.
 Thus, from the rising to the setting sun,
 In social joy our days roll'd calmly on ;
 When you, ah cruel ! tore him from my heart,
 Compell'd without one fond adieu to part :
 And, to add poignance to severest woe,
 Oblig'd his very dinner to forego :

Ah ! barb'rous parent ! and more barb'rous friend !
 Thus at one stroke my happiness to end ;
 Leave me expos'd to happier fair ones sneers,
 A rival's pity, or a witling's jeers :
 For this, may all the various charms you boast,
 Be in another's rising graces lost ;
 Yes, yes, I see the hour approaching fast,
 When your attractions shall be all furpast ;
 Your sportive wit, which now unrivall'd plays,
 Shall soon be lost in MIRA's brighter blaze ;
 The winning smile, which now adorns your face,
 Shall play on MIRA's lips with double grace ;
 Nay, ev'n your heart, by ev'ry one confest,
 To be the warmest, kindest and the best,
 In MIRA's breast its equal must confess,
 And share with her the palm of tenderness :
 With rapture I anticipate the day
 Which shall the anguish that I feel repay.

But oh ! no vengeance can my hopes restore,
 See, at your feet your pity I implore ;
 Oh ! let compassion touch your feeling mind,
 Resume yourself, be merciful and kind :
 Torn from my love, and tortur'd with despair,
 I rave in curses, or I weep in pray'r :

If not my pray'rs, let dread of vengeance move,
And yield to fear, what you refuse to love :
Do but restore him to his faithful wife,
Ten thousand pleasures shall attend his life ;
For him whole cakes of gingerbread I'll buy,
And gilded too, to captivate his eye ;
For him what tarts, what dainties will I make,
The sweet plumb-pudding or well-butter'd cake ;
To him not earth shall make me be untrue,
Unless perchance a bigger lover woo ;
Without him shall my life in grief be past,
Nor will I ever marry—if unask'd.

(51)

TO

Mrs. P E C K W E L L,

WHO HAD ORDERED THE WRITER TO DRAW A CHARACTER OF

DOCTOR P E C K W E L L,

AS A PENANCE.

By THE SAME.

I N Britain's isle !—in George's polish'd days !—
Ten years a wife, yet like your husband's praise !—
With more surprize this miracle I view,
Than all the wonders that Judea knew.—
Tho' his strong faith can triumph o'er the tomb,
And shed refulgence thro' the fun'ral gloom ;
Can conquer death, and thus the mound remove
That stands between us and a Saviour's love—
Tho' his purg'd lips are touch'd with hallow'd fires—
Tho' the blest spirit ev'ry word inspires,

E

And gives him pow'r the guilty to appall,
 Support the weak, the wanderer recall,
 Guide the faint soul along this thorny road,
 And point its passage to the arms of God—
 Tho' liveliest graces in his manners shine,
 And all the arts his polish'd soul refine—
 Tho' beauty, grace, and dignity combin'd
 Are but the index to his fairer mind—
 Yet—that a Wife her passion should retain,
 That you should dare to make the scripture vain,
 Might make our infidels adopt the creed,
 Or Christians doubt the miracles they read.

From love or anger has this penance sprung,
 To see me fail, or hear his praises sung ?
 None but Apelles could the Grecian * paint,
 And from my hand can you expect a faint ?—
 To draw him truly would, at once, require
 An age of knowledge and a poet's fire :
 Yet, since you bid, I trembling take the pen,
 'Tis but a sketch, until he sits again ;
 To sum each virtue in a single line—
 His soul was form'd the counterpart of thine.

* Alexander the Great.

ON

A R E B U S,

WRITTEN BY STELLA,

By W*****. T****. J*****. Esq.

THE careless words in wild disorder shine,
But dang'rous magic lurks in ev'ry line ;
In gentle Seward, Andre lives to fame,
And STELLA sheds a radiance round my name ;
But verse and beauty too resistless prove,
Her song exalts me—but I die from love.

Such was the song that built the Theban wall,
But such the charms that made proud Ilion fall ;
Loft, on such eyes did British Edward gaze,
When Blanche and Warwick vanish'd in their blaze ;

Such guiltless Adam from allegiance drove,
His life the forfeit, but th' achievement, love ;
Such to lost Antony cou'd joys dispence,
Their price, the world ; their smiles, his recompence,

Venus in vain on Ida keeps her court,
To STELLA now the smiling loves resort ;
And thousand swains in rapturous notes shall tell
That wit and beauty at R*** S***** dwell.

TO

S T E L L A,

ON HER RECEIVING THE PRECEDING LINES.

By I.

THINK not, dear maid, the youth sincere,
Because his numbers smoothly flow ;
The breast, that's fill'd with tender fear,
Could never sweetly sing its woe.

Did he the pangs of passion prove,
No graces in his lay would shine ;
For, while he fought to tell his love,
Its genuine fears would mar the line.

The poet, from its rage secur'd,
The scorching lightning well may sing ;
If he the fatal flame endur'd,
Say could he strike the tuneful string.

Believe not then the Poet's pain,
He never knows a real flame ;
And tho' he breathes the love-sick strain,
He feels no passion, but for fame.

When rocks shall hear the poet's strain,
And brutes his magic call obey ;
When the sweet lyre shall calm the main,
And dolphins answer to the lay ;

Then may unite the hawk and dove,
A myrtle wreath the muses wear ;
Then may Apollo join with Love,
And a bard's passion be sincere.

P R O L O G U E,
TO THE
T R A G E D Y OF C A T O,
PERFORMED FOR THE BENEFIT OF
C L E R G Y M E N ' S W I D O W S.

BY THE REV. DEAN EVELYN.

UNUS'D to kneel, untrain'd in arts of woe,
With tears which struggling shame forbids to flow,
No common mourners interest our scene ;
We plead distress beyond its pow'r to feign.
'Tis yours to raise them, fan their hopeless fires,
And while you bless the sons forgive the fires
Who nobly careless, heap'd no hoarded chest,
But fix'd on one reversion scorn'd the rest.
Ye gentle youths who, with observant eyes,
Sigh for the fair and fondly hope she sighs ;
Ye fair who love's first sweet emotions prove,
Nor know those sweet emotions spring from love,

Those anxious breasts which claim your tender cares,
 Once throb'd with other hopes—with other fears !
 Like yours, their infant passion first begun
 But O may yours ne'er end as theirs have done !

To you, selected spirits, next we bend,
 Whose high conceptions nobler views extend ;
 Who greatly, overpow'r'd by love of fame,
 Slight life's short lamp for her eternal flame
 'Tis thus on social virtue's wings we rise,
 Emerge from earth's cold shade and seize the skies.
 From social virtue springs each godlike deed,
 Her gen'rous impulse made the Roman bleed,
 Enriches Addison's immortal vein,
 And forms an audience worthy of the scene.

Oh, glorious task ! with Heaven itself to share,
 Adopt her children and divide her care.
 Oh pleasing task ! to stop the rising sigh,
 Flush the wan cheek and light the faded eye :
 The widow's, orphan's happiness to plan,
 And prove humanity the boast of man !
 This the rare boast to greatness seldom known,
 With taste peculiar, Dorset * makes his own,

* Duke of Dorset, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Who thron'd, sublime, on fortune's splendid wheel,
Yet stoops to miseries he cannot feel;
Prevents the public pray'r before they sue,
Dispells false fears, and mitigates the true :
For these deserts, if Dorset's name be sung,
As each warm heart shall prompt the faithful tongue,
Still to his glory be this truth confess :
Who emulates his virtue praises best.

(60)

SENT TO

A L A D Y,

WITH A PRESENT OF

M Y R T L E.

By CHRISTOPHER TEMPLE EMMET, Esq.

ONCE on a time, as poets tell,
And poets, fure, knew old times well,
When simple swains and virgins fair
Tended in vales their fleecy care,
And each, like the wild flocks they fed,
On earth's soft lap reclin'd their head ;
Then Jove, for Jove o'er Ida reign'd,
On Ida's top the Gods conven'd ;
And each God, e'er th' assembly rose,
Some Tree from hill or valley chose,

Jove took the Oak, a tree divine !
And little Bacchus took the Vine ;
The Laurel Phœbus made his care,
For still he lov'd the Flying Fair ;
The Olive pleas'd the blue-ey'd Maid ;
But Venus chose the MYRTLE's shade.

First Jove arose, and first he spoke,
And gifted thus his chosen Oak ;
“ O'er all the mountains thou shalt reign,
“ And spread thy branches to the plain ;
“ High on the hills, my Oak shall rise
“ And, first of trees, approach the skies :
“ In vain loud storms and rattling hail
“ Thy leafy honours shall assail ;
“ But, in the Dodonæan grove,
“ Men shall thy pow'r prophetic prove ;
“ While priests in holy madness wait
“ To catch from thee the voice of fate ;—
“ And thou shalt grace the watry plain,
“ Long as Britannia rules the main,
“ Her floating bulwark thou shalt prove,
“ To Britain sacred—and to Jove.”

Next Bacchus to his Vine began,
“ Sweet Tree ! which smooths each care of man ;

“ To thee shall truth her altars raise,
“ Parent of mirth and child of ease,
“ By thee shall dull reserve be drown’d,
“ When with thy fruit the cup is crown’d ;
“ Thy floods shall fright away despair,
“ Dazzle deep thought, and drown old care ;
“ And all, who feel the force of wine,
“ Shall pay due honours to my Vine;
“ For thou can’st ev’ry grief destroy,
“ And, in their place, plant ev’ry joy.”

Apollo, too, his Tree display’d,
And, speaking, wept the Penian maid;
“ Henceforth ’tis will’d, fair favour’d Tree !
“ Each honest breast shall beat for thee ;
“ And who feel fame’s pure kindling fire
“ To thy green honours shall aspire ;
“ Thy leaves shall prove the victor’s praise,
“ And sacred make the poet’s lays ;
“ Thy wreaths shall twine the champion round,
“ And conquest, with thy boughs, be crown’d.”

Minerva, thus, her Tree address’d ;
“ When man by war’s black scourge are prest,
“ And discord, high in air, displays
“ Her bloody torch and wasteful blaze,

“ My Olive shall its branches wave,
“ To snatch from death the bold and brave ;
“ No more the trembling maid shall weep,
“ Nor frightful visions scatter sleep ;
“ No starting fair, with faded cheek,
“ Her promis’d love in vain shall seek ;
“ No more the orphan’s tears shall flow,
“ Nor death awake the widow’s woe ;
“ To white rob’d Peace shall Terror yield
“ His gorgon crest and snake-hung shield ;
“ Nor, fullen, view th’ ensanguin’d plain
“ And whirl his car o’er heaps of slain ;
“ But fury pale shall learn to cease,—
“ My Olive still the pledge of peace.

 Last, Venus took her MYRTLE fair,
And drest each sprig with happy care ;
“ For thou shalt be supremely blest,
“ And far more favour’d than the rest :
“ In future times her care you’ll prove
“ Who reigns on earth the Queen of love ;
“ For her my MYRTLE I design,
“ To her I’ll give whate’er is mine ;
“ In proof whereof, her waist around
“ With my own cestus shall be bound ;

“ At present, you’ll remain with me—
“ Hereafter, one more fair you’ll see ;
“ And each new day and each new year,
“ In beauties new like her, appear,
“ Unfully’d as her native truth,
“ And blooming like her op’ning youth ;
“ Perhaps, with gentle hand, she’ll pour,
“ From streaming urn, a silver show’r ;
“ Perhaps, in gayest verdure drest,
“ You’ll chance to deck her snowy breast,
“ There flourish, with superior bloom,
“ And, thence, your chiefest sweets assume,
“ And while, with conscious grace she treads,
“ And Love around his glory spreads,
“ The nymphs shall all in envy vie,
“ And all the swains with envy die ;
“ The nymphs shall envy her they view,
“ The swains, blest MYRTLE ! envy you ;
“ Because, design’d to give delight,
“ Your sweets attract my DELIA’s sight ;
“ Because you grace her gentle breast,
“ Where Sorrow’s self might learn to rest !
“ And thus what each aspires to be
“ Becomes the fate reserv’d for thee.”

TO

A L A D Y,

WITH

H A M M O N D ' S E L E G I E S.

LO! to the murmurs of an hopeless love,
Desponding HAMMOND pours his tuneful strain;
To sooth his DELIA all in vain he strove,
She mock'd his anguish, and she scorn'd his pain.

Yet sure her Poet's tender song to hear,
Inspir'd by genius, and by taste refin'd,
Soft pity might have lent a candid ear,
And fond compassion sway'd a female mind.

Impell'd, by beauty's foul-subduing pow'r,
O'er all Idalia's bowery scenes he strays ;
And wildly warbling, spends the fleeting hour,
Creation's fairest work his only praise.

O ! to the youthful Bard's untimely tomb
May virgin hands the fragrant garlands bear ;
With choral voice bewail his early doom,
Vent the deep sigh, and shed the silent tear !

But thee, whom love's imperious queen hath crown'd
With wit as vivid, and with charms as fair,
May never youth, in hopeless passion drown'd,
Admire, if doom'd to sorrow and despair.

'Tis Beauty's praise to act with mild command,
Not rule tyrannic with unbounded sway ;
To wave her sceptre with benignant hand,
Not spurn the slave who wishes to obey.

Ah ! ere absorpt in melancholy woe,
An haughty charmer's proud disdain I see ;
Auspicious fate direct th' unerring blow,
Burst my sad heart, and set the pris'ner free.

E L E G Y,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

REPENTANCE OF PASSION*.

WHEN strong affliction deeply wounds the breast,
When sorrow sits within the moisten'd eye,
When the heart sinks, with pond'rous grief oppress'd,
And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh ;

Loft to all life—averse from ev'ry joy,—
Disdaining comfort,—scorning all repose,—
The pensive soul can brook but one employ,
Brooding in gloomy silence o'er its woes.

F

* See vol. 1st. of this Collection, page 312.

Come, then, thou partner of my cheerless hour,
Come, faithful Muse ! and seek the lonely grove ;
Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,
And mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tend'rest, best of friends,
The fond companion of my earliest youth,
Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,
Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried—and oft with kind success—
To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow ;
But ah !—I never felt severe distress,
Or prov'd th' extreme of misery 'till now.—

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,
With thoughtless ease I past the foolish day ;
Pluck'd ev'ry rose, and where I found a thorn,
Threw—careless threw—th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd, the roving, restless mind to cure,
And guide the future diff'rent from the past,
I sought for sweets that might thro' life endure,
And fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest rose that grac'd the land,
With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around :
Tho' bold, perhaps, I thrust the forward hand,
Mist'd the fair flow'r, and only felt the wound.—

Felt, did I say ?—deep rankling in my heart,
No time can mitigate my suff'rings there ;
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,
And all my black'ning prospects frown despair.—

And yet, lov'd maid ! if partial to my Muse
Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear ;
If, softly sighing, thou wilt not refuse
To shed with her one sympathizing tear ;

That single tear, that dews ELIZA's cheek,
Shall, for a moment, wash my griefs away ;
That sigh, tho' half suppress'd, shall more than speak,
And gild the ev'ning of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,
'Twas not her gentle breast refus'd to glow ;
'Twas not ELIZA's self who bade us part,
The world, th' unfeeling world, pronounc'd it so.

Th' unfeeling world, that thinks where riches roll,
Where titles blazon, joys can never cease;
That waves each soft emotion of the soul,
And builds on public clamor private peace.

And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,
And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,
'That the endearing sweets of mutual love
No wealth, no state, no splendor can supply.

Form'd as thou art with ev'ry outward grace,
With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,
Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,
Pride, pomp, and grandeur may be dearly bought.

Tho' honor's noblest circle thou'lt adorn,
And dignify, in ev'ry sphere, the wife;
ELIZA—or I much mistake—was born
To shine amid the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,
Each future hour to sorrow I resign;
Death only can alleviate my distress, -
And the last parting moments shall be thine.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT,

EARL OF CHATHAM.

By JAMES WHITE, Esq.

IN these still moments when th' unfetter'd mind
Leaves each low thought of selfish care behind ;
Awhile sequester'd from the world's gay crowd,
A youth at Freedom's hallow'd altar bow'd ;
Then stole unseen to where, in solemn clay,
Ador'd, O PITT, thy glorious reliques lay ;
To mourn thy shade, to muse upon thy dust,
Invoke thy name and clasp thy honour'd bust.

Hail! then, he cried, whose god-like labours claim
 In British breasts a never ending fame!
 Blest patriot-statesman! at whose firm command
 Corruption dropp'd her mercenary hand,
 And victory spread her wings from east to west,
 O'er hosts that triumph'd, at thy bold behest!
 To fire thy country's hopes, or hush her fears,
 Thy plans of glory charm'd her senate's ears:
 Not with more force, nor with sublimer rage,
 Th' impetuous Greek * awak'd a sleeping age;
 Each sterling period, with conviction fraught,
 Blaz'd with a bright magnificence of thought;
 Confusion heard and from her counsels fled;
 Astonish'd ignorance blush'd and hid her head;
 Thy radiant virtues round a Monarch shone,
 And lent a double grandeur to the Throne.—

From me, a Muse unknown, accept a tear:—
 Had ev'n no grateful grief bedew'd thy bier,
 Borne it in melancholy pomp along,
 Nor mimic stone confess'd thee to the throng,
 These lonely sorrows, in the sacred shade,
 Had thus their solitary tribute paid.

When liberty deplor'd her darling son,
 Thy death confirm'd the praise thy life had won;
 That mournful day!—when weak alas! and worn
 Like Rome's great Appius*, to the senate borne,
 Thou saw'st thy offspring, with a duteous state,
 Graceful uphold thy venerable weight;
 Fond ev'ry just emotion to admire,
 And catch the living greatness of their fire.
 Ev'n while thy accents bade each bosom glow,
 Each bosom boding the disastrous blow,
 'Twas thine, now claim'd for ever by the skies,
 Glorious, to perish in sad Britain's eyes!
 To the last groan, while death uplifts his dart,
 The fate of Albion occupied thy heart!
 That breast, fair freedom, thou so oft had'st fir'd,
 For thee thus spent its ardor, thus expir'd!

Vain moralists, that lecture from the tomb,
 May teach the soul to startle at its doom,
 The weak intimidate, the wise disgust;—
 We learn a nobler lesson from thy dust:
 To mock at pain, the fear of death to brave,
 Survive by virtuous fame, and dignify the grave!

* Appius Claudius, at an advanced age, weighed down with infirmities and deprived of sight, was carried to the Senate-house, on the shoulders of his children and clients, when Pyrrhus had defeated the Romans. The strength of his authority and eloquence raised the dejected republic, and determined her to prosecute the war with vigor.

What tho' no more we hear thy thunders fly,
No more behold the lightning of thine eye,
Admire no more thy majesty of strain,
Still some immortal portion may remain ;—
Still in each patriot breast thy image dwell,
Inspire the Roman thought, the deed impel,
And, tho' thy voice be mute at Heav'n's command,
Thy spirit live to animate the land !

H Y M N

TO THE

D E I T Y.

By THE SAME.

FIRST of all life ! thy glories let me sing
On wonder's eager wing :
Oh, let a mortal fire
To heav'n's high vault aspire,
And rapture touch the string !

Affist, thou fun, sublime ;
Thy Maker's praise display,
Still warm it in thy blaze of day,
Oh, spread it in thy race thro' time,
And light it in each ray.

Rise trembling bard, let all existence rise,
 'Tis he, 'tis he, whose own Messiah flies
 To pierce embattled hosts and shake the rebel skies.
 Now he obeys th' eternal fire
 And heav'n is melted at his ire ;
 Now, pleas'd, he hears
 Th' harmonious spheres,
 And heav'n's own music charms immortal ears.

Swell, swell the note of praise, since fair creation then,
 For impious angels, fashion'd God-like men :
 Hark ! the joyful sound
 Flies o'er the dark profound ;
 The cherubs sung " rejoice !"
 Confusion felt the voice,
 Old chaos started from his throne again ;
 " Let Nature be," th' Almighty said,
 And saw the universe was made ;
 His eye, all-seeing,
 Shot thro' being,
 And infant worlds obey'd.

But soon, ah ! soon, 'twas lost to man ;
 Sin ev'n in Eden's grove began,

'Till human blood, to Idols pour'd, down the curst altars ran.

He bade his tempests blow

And heaving ocean flow ;

Heav'n's gates were open'd and its terrors hurl'd,

While pitying angels wept an erring world.

Sing now re-animated earth,

Sad Nature's second birth ;

Now sing, my harp, how prophets pray'd

And heav'nly justice was delay'd,

How Judah scorn'd relenting grace,

And Zion mourn'd her captive race :

'Till from her palms Judeah wept her sons,

And lamentation fobb'd in vain,

'Till her mute harp was hung on high,

And penfive sorrow mus'd upon her chain :

At length divine Meffias came ;

Sin fled, confounded, at the name,

Death dropt his dart and felt th' approaching God,

And earth, redeem'd, exulted as he trod.

He comes ! with rapture sweep the lyre,

Re-echo heav'n's immortal quire !

Peace, clap thy happy wings on high,

He leads in chains captivity !

Ah ! mute my voice, let sighs around,

And sadly sympathetic string,

Melt man to sorrow's trembling sound,

Expiring DEITY to sing.

Th' Eternal seals it from the frighted skies,

The world's convulsion owns the sacrifice ;

Pale sinners gaze,

In wild amaze,

Confessing thee the God alone,

Bright he ascends, to thy right hand, his throne,

And Earth believing cries " Messias is thine own !"

(79)

A N S W E R

TO

Mrs. GREVILLE'S

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY A LADY.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings
The joys that cold Indiff'rence brings,
A nobler theme I'll chuse ;
As tender feelings shall inspire,
I'll tune my long neglected lyre,
And court, once more, the muse.

I seek not fame, I ask not praise,
Nor envy all the vernal bays
 That bloom round Greville's head ;
The laurel may her brows entwine,
While, suited to my Muse, o'er mine,
 Be humble myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,
It's emblematic charms shall prove ;
 The hope I'll ne'er resign,—
In friendship warm, in love sincere,
To me affections bonds are dear ;
 And may those bonds be mine.

And pardon, Greville, tho' I dare,
While I admire, reprove the pray'r,
 That's breath'd in vain by thee ;
Say, shall a heart so form'd to know ;
The transports that from feeling flow,
 E'er wish for apathy.

You ask no kind return in love,
Its hopes and fears you would not prove,
 And scorn a lover's name ;
You seek no tempting charm to please,
But sigh for that insipid ease,
 Which ev'ry brute may claim.

Oh! Greville, can that heart of thine,
That breathes, that glows in ev'ry line,
That sacred touch difown,
Which bids the tear to pity flow,
Which melts in grief at others woe,
Or makes their joys it's own.

Shall she, who "as the needle true,"
Was made "to turn and tremble too,"
A gift so rare despise?

Shall she, intended but to please,
Whose smiles can sorrow's bondage ease,
Shall she Indifference prize?

Distress the mind may often wound,
While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound
Twixt joy and agony;
But who, this boundary to attain,
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,
Can never feel like me.

Shou'd I a lover's fondness claim,
I hope to feel an equal flame,
I'll seek each charm to please.
Be blest, by blessing what I love,
And ev'ry selfish thought reprove
That tends to churlish ease.

Drive calm Indiff'rence far from me,
'Tis tender sensibility,

Alone, true pleasure yields :
My days I would not have serene ;
But Fancy paint the varied scene,
Which expectation gilds.

Regret may oft extort a sigh,
And disappointment cloud the sky,
And blast my promis'd joys :
But hope again may warm my breast ;
And others bliss can make me blest,
When care my own destroys.

T O

E L I Z A.

WHEREVER my thoughts are commission'd to roam,
 Free as air when abroad, nor in fetters at home,
 Whether rais'd to the skies, fix'd on earth or the sea;
 Their last dearest object, ELIZA, is thee.
 The pow'r, who disperses the clouds as they fly,
 And shows the bright orbs that illumine the sky,
 In the eyes of ELIZA displays to our view
 A radiance more cloudless than stars ever knew.
 If the mountain I climb and descend thro' the vale,
 Where roses their colours expand to the gale,
 They flushing around me this truth will disclose,
 That Nature's more partial to her than the rose.

G

If near the green waves of the ocean I go,
 And think on the Goddeſs they foſter'd below,
 I cry, let them boaſt of their offspring divine,
 No Venus I aſk, if ELIZA be mine.
 Or when with more ſolemn intent I repair,
 Where penitence points to the manſion of pray'r,
 From the altar to her, meditation will rove,
 For the altar ſmiles both on religion and love.
 Ev'n when my ſad footſteps by chance have been led,
 To join the proceſſion that follows the dead !
 I've ſigh'd when I've thought ſuch a train muſt convey,
 To the ſame dreary region, her beautiful clay.
 Does my mind on life's ſweeteſt connections attend,
 And image the miſtreſs, the wife, or the friend,
 ELIZA to each of thoſe claims I prefer,
 For all their perfections are blended in her ;
 Life's morning in love could ELIZA employ,
 Nor yield at its noon a leſs ſenſible joy,
 From its ev'ning her preſence could baniſh the gloom ;
 And cheer its dark night on the verge of the tomb.
 ELIZA, but, time, be thy ſummons obey'd,
 In ſilence the tribute of life ſhall be paid ;
 Yet painful, how painful ! that moment will prove ;
 That blaſts ev'ry hope of ELIZA and love !

AN EXTEMPORE

O A PAINTER.

By the REV. SAMUEL SHEPHERD,

CANST thou, by any art of thine,
Improve the lilly's hue ;
Or make the rose by thy design,
More lovely than it grew.

If not, ne'er strive to mend that face,
Where two such beauties vie ;
What nature gave, let nature grace,
And art neglected lie.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Esq.

LATE OF VENETIAN-HALL, COUNTY DUBLIN,
WHO DIED MARCH 15, 1789,*

TO thee, when Honor and when Truth were giv'n,
Unfully'd, both, as are the dews from heav'n;
Within thy breast, when mild Religion glow'd;
Her comforts, too, when Piety bestow'd;
When sons, from thee, and brothers learn'd to prove
The joys of filial and fraternal love;
From thee, when husbands gain'd the envy'd art,
Gently, to rule, yet not enslave the heart;
When Friendship sav'd, in thee, her falling name,
And rais'd to splendor an expiring flame!—
Well may the Muse, in heartfelt numbers, tell
“ How lov'd you liv'd, and how lamented fell !”
Whilst wounded Virtue, weeping o'er thy grave,
Deplores the life not all her gifts could save.

* By the Author of THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD, see vol. 1st. of this Collection.—Page 65.

THE
F A I R T H I E F.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

TELL, and tell with truth and grief,
That Chloe is an arrant thief,
Before the urchin well could go
She stole the whiteness of the snow ;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn ;
Stole all the sweetness æther sheds
On primrose banks or violet beds.
Still to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces, filken smiles ;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky
To plant a star in either eye ;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth ;
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were the infant spoils, a store
 To which in time she pilfer'd more ;
 At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen,
 Her air and love-commanding mien ;
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas sense, to charm the soul ;
 She sung—the Syrens all appear'd,
 And warbling, she stole all she heard ;
 She play'd—the Muses, from their hill,
 Wonder'd, who thus had stole their skill ;
 Apollo's wit was next her prey ;
 Her next—the beams that brighten day.
 Great Jove, her pilferings to crown,
 Pronounc'd these treasures all her own ;
 Pardon'd her crimes and prais'd her art,
 And t'other day she stole my heart.

Cupid, if lovers are your care,
 Exert your power on this fair ;
 To trial bring her stolen charms,
 And let her prison be——my arms.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE PLAY OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

SPOKEN BY A WARRINGTON STUDENT IN HIS
MORNING GOWN.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

NOT PRINTED IN HER WORKS.

WHEN science, first, beneath her Alfred's smile,
Shed her young beams o'er this remotest isle,
Illustrious Oxford rose ; he rear'd her tow'rs,
The willing Muses lov'd her sacred bow'rs :
Her rival sister, next, with growing pride,
Fix'd her fair seat where Cam's flow waters glide.
The noble youth, a long illustrious train,
Crowd to the court of learning's sacred fane ;
Through all the land the gen'rous ardor spread ;
Britons, who long had learn'd to conquer, read :

Sages and heroes kept an equal pace
 To fire and to instruct a future race ;
 And where an Henry or an Edward fought,
 A Shakespear painted, and a Newton taught.

Far humbler structures here, unknown to fame,
 Fondly aspire to bear the muses name :
 No stately piles of Gothic buildings rise,
 Nor antique turrets catch th' admiring eyes ;
 These halls, from common ground so lately won,
 Pomona yet remembers them her own ;
 No pomp of learned honours here we claim,
 No princely favor, and no splendid name :
 Our gowns—you see the cut—not made for shew,
 Would ill content an Academic beau :
 Science alone must dignify these seats,
 And only virtue raise these calm retreats.

This night no common scenes we hold to view,
 But such as Shakespear's glowing pencil drew :
 Nor think it foreign from our peaceful sphere
 To mimic war and fierce contention here.
 Tho' now beneath this Academic shade,
 No quarrels reach us, and no storms invade ;

The time may come, when Britain shall demand
The dauntless breast, the enterprising hand ;
Then the warm youth whom Glory beckons far,
To shine in senates, or contend in war,
Shall own, that here he caught the gen'rous flame,
And the first longings for a lasting name.

ON

BEING DESIRED TO READ FOR

A F E L L O W S H I P.

A musty bachelor in college,
Who's treasur'd up a heap of knowledge,
And after pain and trouble vast,
Has got a fellowship at last ;
As if exhausting all his sense
Of glory, with his diligence,
Stretch'd at his ease, begins to press,
The downy bed of Idleness ;
A stranger to the sweets of life,
Papaing children and a wife,
Immers'd in indolence he lies,
Eats, sleeps, evacuates and dies.
Thus the bold ship which brav'd the sea,
And round the globe pursued her way,

Was after all laid up with care,
 And rotted in an easy chair.
 With such a life ne'er blest me, heav'n !
 To me let competence be giv'n,
 A wife sweet-temper'd, and as fair,
 As matrimonial truth will bear ;
 And let as many infants sport
 Around me, as I can support,
 About my legs their arms entwine,
 And warm their little hands in mine :
 To teach the tender tongues of these
 To lisp their mighty Maker's praise,
 To form their minds with early rules ;
 Far from the tyranny of schools ;
 Be this, and now and then a rhyme,
 The chief employment of my time :
 If these, and more than these, you send—
 The stage, a bottle and a friend ;
 Contentedly I'll pass my days,
 Nor envy a fat fellow's ease.

AN

ANTE-DILUVIAN PASTORAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING.

WHEN the bold lark, exulting from his nest,
 And flying tow' rds the eastern gate of heav'n,
 Had challeng'd forth the rosy-mantled morn,
 T' unbar the silver gates of light, when o'er
 The whit'ning vales the lusty shepherds spread
 Their fleecy care, and welcom'd her approach
 With artless carols; when each chearful spray
 Resounded with the imitative songs
 Of rival birds, all striving to outdo
 Each other in the general thanksgiving
 Of nature to the morn, who at her rise
 Displays anew the wonders of the world,
 That seem'd deep-buried in the womb of night;
 JARED alone, poor hapless swain! refus'd

To join his grateful, tributary song
 To Nature's voice, tho' erst the gayest swain
 That hail'd the morn from Nebo's gilded top.
 But now advancing from his nightly bow'r,
 In penfive mood, he laid him down, fast by
 Slow-winding Zared's peaceful stream and hung
 His silent harp upon a willow-tree,
 Saying——what have I to do with thee, O harp?
 Thou givest me no ease: how can I touch
 Thy sounding strings when LEAH is unkind?
 How can I tune thee, when fair LEAH's cruel?
 Twice twenty years, O LEAH, have I mourn'd,
 On Nebo's tops; the cedars pitied me;
 The rocks were mov'd; whilst thou sat'st unconcern'd,
 Piping gay carols to thy list'ning flocks.
 Thy face indeed is lovely to behold,
 Thy looks are as the morning, and thy breath
 Is fragrant as the morning breeze, that sweeps
 The citron grove; upon thy cheeks, enthron'd,
 Sits modesty, and youth upon thy forehead.
 Thy breasts are even as the swelling clusters
 That load the vine, and from thy bosom breathes
 All Eden's sweetness; yet remember, LEAH,
 That beauty lasts but for a thousand years;
 It fadeth ev'n as the rose in Zared,
 Or as the blossom on yon tree, that opes

Its gaudy bosom to the morning sun,
 But, shed by unrelenting blasts e'er noon
 Will fade, of all its gaiety despoil'd.
 Nor am I thus to be despised, LEAH,
 Say which of all the sons of Adam boasts
 A fairer, wealthier tract of ground than mine?
 Who feeds more num'rous flocks and herds than I?
 Two hundred oxen round my mountains browse,
 And scarce three days are past, since I have bath'd
 Four hundred sheep in Zared's peaceful stream,
 With each two tender lambkins at her side;
 Thou might'st have heard their bleatings in the valley.
 Behold these woods of cedar, fir and pine,
 And stately elms; these pleasant walls and bow'rs
 And cooling shades, and lucid springs, upon
 Whose mossy banks thou mayest sleep unhurt
 By noon-tide heat; behold these groves of myrrh;
 And every tree that sheds a fragrant smell,
 Sweet as the paradise of God, that send
 A grateful odor to the skies, and rival
 The breath of morn: ev'n from Tubal's self,
 The pow'rs of sounds I learn'd: this lyre, his gift,
 Has often mov'd the savage wolf to hear
 Its melting notes, whilst from his bloody jaws,
 The half-slain lambkin fell unto the ground.
 All these are thine; then rise, fair LEAH, rise,
 LEAH, beloved of my soul, arise,

And let us people this fair spot of ground,
 Until our sons be as the mountain oaks,
 And our young daughters like the tender flow'rs.
 Mean'st thou for ever in thine humble vale
 To dwell, and pipe it to thy list'ning flocks,
 Regardless of that great command, which God
 Impos'd on mankind, when he blest'd the earth ?
 And sure thou dost ; since now two hundred years
 Have seen thee frown on all the swains that bow'd,
 And paid obeisance to thy scornful beauty ;
 And scornest thou poor JARED with the rest ?
 Poor hapless JARED ; who such pains has taken,
 To win thy favor ? but I find, alas !
 That I in vain have spent my precious time,
 In wooing thee : Or give me back that time,
 Relentless maid ! or give me back my heart,
 Which thou hast stolen. Oh ! how oft have I
 Neglected ev'n my flocks and herds, to hear
 Th' enchanting music of thy voice, or find
 Some bird or lambkin which I heard thee praise !

Deep in the bosom of yon lonely vale,
 There flows a cool, refreshing stream that now
 Paints heav'n's pure azure to the wond'ring gaze :
 And now, beneath a shade of arching willows,

Deep-murmurs, as with sound remote : upon
 Its verdant bank, full many a day I spent,
 To weave a bow'r, ungrateful maid ! for thee :
 Of strong-leav'd laurel, twisted eglantine,
 And od'rous myrrh the vaulted roof is made ;
 Within, are seats o'er-laid with softest moss,
 And edg'd around with flowers of various kinds;
 The gaudy prim-rose, blue cheek'd violet,
 And tender daizy : soon as morning dawn'd,
 Ten thousand birds should there salute thine ears,
 And soon as ev'ning streak'd the blushing west,
 Myself with yon harmonious lyre should lull
 Thy soul to rest. But oh ! accuse me not,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, nor blame me, O ye herds,
 That I have wasted all this time on LEAH ;
 Yourself can witness, how I've tun'd my lyre,
 To try, if haply love would listen to it ;
 But love, I found, was deaf to all its charms ;
 Tho' it can ev'n tame the fiercest lion,
 And stem the current of the strongest flood ;
 For love, alas ! is fiercer than the lion,
 And stronger than the flood. Nay, after all
 My useless pains, I've but discover'd this ;
 That life is tasteless without thee, O LEAH !
 How sweet the voice of early-singing birds,
 And lowing herds, and bleating flocks, that greet

The rising morn ! How sweet the shepherds strains,
 Tending their flocks ! How pleasant is a draught,
 From some clear fountain, and a mossy bed ;
 Fast by some murm'ring river's side beneath,
 A spreading covert, in the heat of noon !
 How pleasant is a temperate repast,
 Of mellow apples after painful toil,
 And ev'ning rambles thro' the breezy grove !
 Yet neither voice of early-singing birds,
 And lowing herds and bleating flocks, that greet
 The rising morning, nor the strains of shepherds,
 Nor cooling draughts from lucid springs, or beds
 O'erlaid with moss, fast by the water's side,
 In noon-tide heat, nor a delicious feast,
 Of mellow apples after painful toil,
 Nor ev'ning rambles without thee are sweet.

S O N G.

By THE SAME.

LONG time I serv'd young Rofalind,
But when her pow'r she knew ;
The little tyrant grew unkind,
And I my love withdrew.

Now anger all my bosom fway'd,
Pride fortify'd my soul ;
I swore—but from her ambuscade,
The little wheedler stole.

I view'd her face, I paus'd a while,
I heard and was reprov'd ;
She coax'd me to her with a smile,
I kiss'd her, and I lov'd.

When beauteous Rosalind commands,
How weak th' essays of men !
She frown'd, I broke Love's filken bands,
She smil'd, I lov'd again.

But yet, ye fair, be not inclin'd,
Like her, your pow'r to prove ;
Few nymphs can charm like Rosalind,
Few swains like me can love.

OCCASIONAL VERSES

ON

SOME YOUNG LADIES, FRIENDS TO THE AUTHOR, BEING PREVENTED
FROM RETURNING HOME BY THE BADNESS OF THE WEATHER.

By THE SAME.

DESCEND ye show'rs, ye furly tempests roar,
And to our pleasures add but one day more ;
Let none to-day his homeward way begin,
Let all be bleak without, all gay within.
Slow let the sun in clouded pomp arise,
What fun more chearful than Maria's eyes !
What tho' rough storms assault the leafless trees,
Florella's softer than the softest breeze :

What fullen clouds enwrap the face of day !
But who regards it when Panthea's gay ?—
Sweet is the strain, when larks their notes prolong,
But how much sweeter is her melting song.
And what gay spirit will refuse to join,
And drown his sorrows in a flood of wine,
When yon blithe couple bids us all draw nigh,
With fronts more open than the clearest sky.

E P I G R A M.

WRITTEN ON THE DOOR OF A BROTHER SONNETTEER WHO WAS
DEEPLY EMPLOYED IN HAMMERING OUT A SUBLIME POEM.

By THE SAME.

WEEP, readers, weep, as Christians ought,
This youth has drown'd himself—in thought ;
His soul above the clouds is fled,
'Therefore we must conclude him dead.
Mourn then ye birds around his hearse,
And o'er his corse inscribe this verse.
“ Here lies the body of a bard,
“ 'Tho' buried——not as yet inter'd.”

THE
INVENTION OF LETTERS,
AND THE
UTILITY OF THE PRESS.

By HENRY JONES,

AUTHOR OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

NOT PRINTED IN HIS WORKS.

THOU thought revealing charm! in silence shewn,
Like the swift intercourse to Angels known:
Intuitive exchange, by vision made,
Of mutual minds, without the tardy aid
Of sense-conveying sounds, which language lends,
To partial compacts ty'd, and local ends:
Thy wond'rous pow'r can waft th' extended soul
From clime to clime exchange'd, from pole to pole.

What godlike energy inform'd his breast
 Who all th'impassion'd soul through thee exprefs'd !
 Who all th'intestine throbs the heart invade,
 In speaking filence to the fight display'd
 Through mystic Types, firm fix'd, on lasting ground,
 The signs of thought, and shades of social sound :
 Rich as the sun they shine, with mental ray,
 In one continued, intellectual day.

O sacred legacy ! O gift divine !
 With still-increasing force, for ever shine !
 Ambition here is virtue. Learning rise !
 Subdue the earth, explore thy native skies !
 Thy potent sceptre o'er the world extend,
 And awful justice from her foes defend.
 May Liberty beneath thy pow'rful hand,
 Unmov'd, uninjur'd, and immortal stand !
 'That glorious gift, to virtue's sons more dear
 Than conquest, honour, worlds, or vital air :
 'Tis hers, through scenes of death to spurn the chain,
 'Tis hers, that heav'n-born Goddess, to complain
 Through Learning's awful voice, to seek redress
 From nature, reason, and th'important Press ;
 'That source of patriot strength, when pure it runs
 Unstir'd by fraud, and faction's furious sons ;

To truth, to public virtue, ever dear,
For ever copious, and for ever clear,
May healing wisdom from that fountain flow,
And Wealth, and Concord, all around it grow.

V E R S E S,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

MR. S A M U E L G R U B B

AND

MISS M A R G A R E T S H A C K L E T O N,

By MISS S——, AGED 16.

DELIGHTFUL Griefe *, inspire my theme,
For Phœbus smiles upon thy stream,
So be thy name in song renown'd,
So be thy banks with plenty crown'd !
No vulgar flight my Muse essays,
My theme demands no vulgar lays,
Elate she plumes her eagle-wing
An Hymeneal song to sing.
Begin, begin—my humble song
Thy inspiration waited long.

* A River running through Ballitore.

Aurora clad in robes of light,
 Dispel'd the fleeting gloom of night;
 Then like a Bridegroom rose the sun,
 The moon and stars his glory shun.
 This day doth rosy Hymen bind
 Two hearts before in friendship join'd,
 The dewy morn in bright array
 Greets with her smiles the happy day,
 And frequent show'rs of kindly rain
 With fresher beauty deck the plain.
 So may their future years pass by
 Unclouded as this morning-sky :
 And if affliction's rod they bear,
 For where's the life exempt from care ?
 May sorrow's precious drops be seen,
 To keep their virtues fresh and green !

Slowly proceeds the gay parade ;
 The Bride in modest garb array'd
 Advanc'd the first, with downcast eye,
 Her faithless roses fade and die ;
 Close by her loving Bridegroom's side,
 With blooming cheek in crimson dy'd.
 Parents and kindred next appear,
 And thronging crowds compose the rear.

Now in due order all were plac'd,
'The front the Bride and Bridegroom grac'd,
With beating heart and changing face,
While solemn silence fills the place—
They rise, a decent pause they make,
And then the binding promise speak ;
The Loves which hover'd o'er their head
Enraptur'd heard the words they said,
With smiles of pleasure Hymen shook
His saffron robes, and thus he spoke ;
“ My choicest blessings on you rest,
“ Unchang'd affection fill your breast,
“ Let envious Time in vain essay
“ To mar the sunshine of your day :
“ Thus while I join your willing hands,
“ May fair Religion bless the bands,
“ Religion softens ev'ry woe,
“ And bids my torch for ever glow.”

The nuptial knot is ty'd ; again
Forth issues now the bridal train ;
These hoary Griefs with conscious pride
Reflected in his silver tide,
As o'er his stream they took their way,
Where the Retreat's fair mansion lay,

Her open gates receive the throng,
 Who pleas'd and smiling move along.
 Sing, gentle Muse, what maidens fair
 To grace their kindred Bride were there.

Here the bright Fullers, sisters three,
 Partook the universal glee;
 And Abigail with modest brow,
 In Friendship was not wanting now:
 And Sally Hall, whose graceful air
 Might with the stately swan compare,
 Say will the time long distant be,
 When I shall hail the Nine for thee?
 May then the Muses lend their aid!
 Fair Hannah Haughton, gentle maid,
 With looks that speak a temper meek,
 And Debby with her blooming cheek;
 Nor fair Rebecca I pass by,
 With looks as mild as morning's eye,
 Nor the three sisters of the Bride
 Be in my song a place deny'd.

No laughter loud offends the ear,
 Though ev'ry cheek is smiling here;
 For cheerfulness, with rosy face,
 Of riot rude had taken place,

Vain Ceremony too was fled,
Sincerity was in her stead.

Swift glide the dancing hours away;
Our joy could not protract the day,
Amid the boughs the birds prolong
With tremulous throats the voice of song,
And tuneful Hymeneals sing,
While the delightful vallies ring.

Now Phœbus rolls his fiery car,
To gild the lower hemisphere,
Ere yet his shorten'd beams withdrawn,
The blushing ev'ning skirts the lawn;
Still as he sinks declines my lay,
My Muse takes wing and flies away,
Nor dares behind her Sov'reign stay.

}

(113)

V E R S E S,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. SHACKLETON,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

By THE SAME.

WHEN now thy tranquil heart calm comfort knows,
Nor hopes and fears disturb its sweet repose ;
When thy full cup of earthly bliss runs o'er,
And hardly canst thou dare to ask for more ;
When now thy hours in gay succession move,
Blest in the sweet reward of constant love ;
Say, shall the Muse thou cherish'd raise her lay,
And to fraternal love this tribute pay ;
Inspir'd by LYDIA's smile the song renew,
This song, to friendship and a brother due.

Thus while the needle's task employs my hours,
 The busy mind collects her active pow'rs,
 In fancy's fields to cull th' immortal blow,
 And weave a garland for thy LYDIA's brow.
 Flow softly, Griefe, attend the bridal strain,
 Nor drink the tears of flighted love again.

The flatt'ring groves their tempting smiles put on—
 What heed we now your smiles? the prize is won—
 You would not cheer my brother, when he stray'd
 An hopeless lover in your mournful shade:
 The waters murmur'd and the breezes sigh'd,
 And Echo sadly to his plaints reply'd;
 Yet to no other object turn his eyes,
 Fix'd in his breast his LYDIA's image lies:
 O worthy thee! reward the gen'rous swain,
 Nor let a constant lover sue in vain.
 She smiles—the chilling snows dissolve away,
 And hope's fair dawn foretells a prosp'rous day;
 Soft yielding show'rs allay the boist'rous wind
 And Nature learns from LYDIA to be kind.
 Flow softly, Griefe, attend the bridal strain,
 Nor drink the tears of flighted love again.

At length the day arrives, the happy day,
 Pale Doubt and Envy sicken at the ray,

Where Dublin lifts her tow'rs, with graceful pride,
 'Twas there the happy nuptial knot was tied;
 To fair MARIA's dome our steps are led,
 Where friendship decks the board, by plenty spread:
 There drest in smiles behold the bridal throng,
 Each damsel worthy of a poet's song;
 No wishes to surpass the rest annoy,
 The gentle bosom, tun'd alone to joy;
 As in the Galaxy, with mingled rays,
 The modest stars diffuse a gen'ral blaze.

Flow softly, Griefe, attend the bridal strain,
 Nor drink the tears of slighted love again.

But see the Bride, in virgin beauty drest,
 Led by the graces, gleams beyond the rest;
 As Hesper's charms, in dewy lustre bright,
 Excel the brilliant daughters of the night.
 Her gentle manners, and her aspect kind,
 The polish'd mirror of her brighter mind;
 See these blue eyes with Pallas' wisdom shine,
 Skilful, like her, the various thread to twine;
 But Pallas' sterner air aside she lays,
 And on her lip the smile of Venus plays;
 Diana's walk and graceful blush is seen
 On thy smooth cheek and in thy lofty mein;

Where wisdom, love and modesty conspire,
 The finish'd piece e'en Envy must admire.
 But frown not on my song, accomplish'd fair,
 If I to fabled names thy charms compare ;
 In those blest days, when simple Nature sway'd
 The artless breast, so smil'd the Syrian maid ;
 Fair as the morn, to Mamre's valley came,
 And crown'd the patriarch's heav'n-directed flame.
 Flow softly, Griefe, attend the bridal strain,
 Nor drink the tears of flighted love again.

Now the glad steeds are to the chariot join'd,
 The rolling wheels leave pomp and care behind ;
 No vulgar plain expects thee, lovely maid,
 Thy presence deigns to grace no vulgar shade ;
 Dear to the Muses are our genial groves,
 There the great spirit of blest Science roves ;
 Spring flies before thee and prepares thy way,
 A fresher green the smiling meads array,
 Ambrosial dews refresh the springing flow'rs,
 The budding hawthorn, and the thick'ning bow'rs ;
 Beneath thy feet the fragrant violet springs,
 And Zephyrs fan thee with their balmy wings ;
 Thy blooming charge to hail thy coming fly,
 And on their mistress feast the greedy eye ;

While genuine smiles o'er their fresh beauties play,
Already conscious of her gentle sway.

Flow softly, Griefe, attend the bridal strain,
Nor drink the tears of flighted love again.

Yes thou wilt love our valley, gentle maid,
Thy modest virtues seek the silent shade ;
To crown these virtues, see, immortal Love
Plucks Spring's first treasures in th' unfading grove ;
(No wanton boy, whose darts at random fly,
But a bright being of the upper sky)
The eternal buds shall round thy temples blow,
Nor scorch'd by summer's heat, nor chill'd by winter's snow.

Now, Griefe, flow swiftly through the happy plain,
And on thy willows let my harp remain
Till prosperous awake the strings again. }

(118)

ON THE DEATH OF

A N I N F A N T.

By THE SAME.

PRETTY primrose, filken flow'r,
How soon has unrelenting Death,
Early wonder of an hour,
Robb'd thee of thy rosy breath !

But thou wert a flow'r too rare,
In our coarser soil to thrive,
Therefore art transplanted where,
Little Angel, thou shalt live !

THE

D E A T H - B E L L

HARK! from afar the solemn knell,
In mournful sounds salutes the ear;
And tells that freed from earthly care,
Some spirit quits its mortal cell,
In happier realms to dwell.

Again it sounds, and to the heart,
Perhaps, of some sad weeping friend,
Lamenting youth's untimely end,
Conveys the agonizing smart
Of sorrow's canker'd dart.

Some parent, with a bursting eye,
 B wails her darling offspring's breath
 Stopt by the cruel hand of Death ;
And heaves the unavailing sigh,
And bids adieu to joy !

Perhaps some faithful lover torn
 By that inexorable lord,
 From the dear fair his soul ador'd,
Condemns the hapless maid to mourn,
And beat her breast forlorn.

But hear the all-instructive sound,
 O ! ye of sorrow's silent train ;
 And hear, ye giddy and ye vain,
Ye who in thoughtless mirth abound,
And dance life's giddy round :

To you, to all it speaks, to tell
 That not in grief, but sacred joy,
 We should our erring thoughts employ,
For those who quit their earthly cell,
In happier realms to dwell.

TO

A C A N T H E,

WITH THE FOLLOWING FABLE.

By W***** B***, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY ON JOHN M'MOLLEN, Esq. *

FROM reading wits, and raillyng fools,
From terms of art, and critic rules,
Will you, ACANTHE, once descend,
To hear the counfels of a friend ?
You have, the world must all admit,
A genius strong, a piercing wit ;
You have, myself have felt the blaze,
Eyes, that defy the pow'r of praise ;
An heart from ev'ry blemish free,—
Only,—too seldom kind to me !—

* See vol. I. of this Collection, where it was erroneously attributed to the Rev. John Ball.

Who with ACANTHE might compare
Were she but *female* as she's *fair* !

“ Nature, thus sings your fav’rite bard,
“ To ev’ry creature gives it’s guard ;
“ To bulls their horn, to bees their sting,
“ To birds of heav’n th’ aspiring wing,
“ To hares their flight, their hoof to steeds,
“ To man, the soul of daring deeds,
“ To woman, fav’rite child of heav’n,
“ Instead of all, was beauty giv’n,
“ ’Gainst ev’ry foe, in ev’ry field,
“ Her casque and quiver, spear, and shield.”

’Twas thus the gay Anacreon sung,
While love, and flatt’ry oil’d his tongue ;
But oh ! ACANTHE, trust your friend,
Far diff’rent lines would truth have penn’d ;
Beauty, ’tis thus fair truth would speak,
Is armour treacherous and weak ;
A shaft let fly, it wounds ’tis true,
But its recoil is dangerous too ;
A glitt’ring casque, it but betrays *
The head encircled with its rays ;
A golden mail, it less withstands
Than tempts the plund’rer’s lawless hands ;

* See Dolon’s fate as recorded in Homer’s x. Iliad.

Tho' beauty frown a frown to kill,
 The spoiler knows, 'tis beauty still;
 And while the light'ning round him flies,
 He dares the flash, to gain the prize.

" But what, you'll say, tho' beauty quit
 " The field ? There's still defence in wit ;
 " How many females might be shown,
 " Secur'd by that ?" ACANTHE, none.
 If wit could save, let Sappho tell
 And fair Aspasia, how they fell ;
 If wit could save, let Ninon show
 What wrought her virtue's overthrow,
 Or let that lovely troop, the stain
 And grace of CHARLES's frolic reign,
 Decide, if all their wit had pow'r
 To guard fair virtue for an hour.

'Tis true, ACANTHE, wit affords
 Keen weapons for a war of words ;
 True, that in all her hosts are seen
 Th' undaunted step, the forward mein,
 The steady eye, th' unchanging cheek,
 And tongue, that nothing fears to speak ;
 Yet, spite of all this dread array,
 This panoply, that scares the day,

Find on what column stands engrav'd
 One name by her to virtue sav'd ;
 And truth will show, to damn the boast,
 A thousand reputations lost.

“ If beauty then is form'd to yield,
 “ And wit herself must quit the field,
 “ Say where may woman's safeguard be ?—”
 In pure unfeigning MODESTY !—
 Sweet modesty, celestial maid !
 Brings her own magic arms in aid,
 And roseate blushes, virgin fears,
 Sensibilities, and tears,
 Eyes of timid glance, that shun
 Rudely to be gaz'd upon,
 Name that dreads the world's repeating,
 Thoughts retiring, steps retreating.—
 These are female virtue's charms,
 These are heav'nly woman's arms !

Why then, ACANTHE, will you crave
 Other defence than nature gave ;
 Or why your victories pursue
 With weapons all too mean for you ?
 Why from your nature should you wander,
 To smile at mawkish *double Entendre*,

Why must each coxcomb know, you smoke
 The humor of his smutty joke ?
 If fops are rudely free, why lead'em
 By light retorts t' encrease their freedom,
 'Till decency, almost thrown out,
 Yields to an hoyden romping-bout ?

Is there a youth of gentle mind,
 Of manners pure and sense refin'd,
 Whose love the fair ACANTHE proves,
 And whom the fair ACANTHE loves ;
 That youth must grieve, beyond concealing,
 To see ev'n wit take place of feeling ;
 That youth one modest blush would please,
 More than a thousand repartees.

Politeness bids me burn the song,
 That tells ACANTHE she is wrong ;
 But friendship's nobler laws command,
 To trust it in ACANTHE's hand.
 And if, with patience, giv'n to few,
 She reads this peevish lecture thro',
 She'll find, in the succeeding page,
 A fable, to divert her rage.

THE
HUMBLE-PLANT AND THE NETTLE.

A FABLE.

BENEATH a hot-house' glassy roof,
'Gainst winds, and varying seasons, proof,
An HUMBLE-PLANT was nurs'd with care,
And bloom'd, the gentlest tenant there.

Its trembling delicacy such,
It shrunk, before it felt the touch ;
If but an hand should near it stray,
Its timid leaves would faint away ;
And a light breath would so o'erpow'r
'Twould languish lifeless for an hour.

In the same shade, by nature rear'd,
Which chance, or negligence had spar'd,

A rank young NETTLE rais'd her head,
Forward and fearless, from the bed.

No gentle virtue grac'd her train,
Imperious, insolent, and vain ;
Her pow'r to smart, her pow'r to sting,
Appear'd to her a brilliant thing ;
She us'd it oft, and boasted much
How dangerous she was to touch !
Poor Kitty never could escape,
Nor Tom attempt to pluck a grape,
Without a blister'd hand to shew
The rancor of this gen'ral foe.

One day, our HUMBLE-PLANT was found,
Quite faint and languid on the ground ;
Some bolder hand, or ruder breath
Had shock'd her tender frame to death ;
Her leaves were clos'd, her branches hung,
And ev'ry gentle nerve unstrung.

With inward joy, and pride elate,
The NETTLE saw her languid state,
And as she faintly, slowly rose,
Thus mock'd th' occasion of her woes.

Fie, fie, MIMOSA! prithee say
 Why pine you thus your hours away?
 Say what so mighty cause of fear?
 Forsooth, because a man was near!
 His roving finger touch'd your leaf;
 Truly a fine excuse for grief!
 For shame, be wiser, and inherit,
 Some spark of vegetable spirit,
 Else malice will have some pretence
 To doubt your fam'd superior sense.

That thing you delicacy call,
 Is foolish affection all;
 Or, were it really in your make,
 It only serves to prove you weak,
 And gives your foes an easy clue;
 T' amuse themselves by torturing you.

But 'tis not weakness makes you pine,
 Your darts are stronger far than mine;
 They've keenness, too, if they were tried,
 Or else you're terribly belied.
 Take then for once a friend's advice,
 And seem no more so very nice;
 It makes you all your neighbours scoff;
 Let's have no more on't—leave it off.

If saucy coxcombs will be free,
 Take courage and retort—like me;
 You see how soon I cool their mettle,
 I teach'em " meddle with a NETTLE."
 'Tis true, I ne'er affect the faint,
 Nor claim a privilege to faint;
 But faith whoever comes to barter
 At sharps with me, will catch a Tartar;
 Your coyness only makes them rude,
 Fops always love to plague a prude;
 While plants of spirit with reliance,
 May stand, and bid them all defiance.
 There's young Miss Thorn, and young Miss Thistle,
 Would quickly bid the fools go whistle;
 And ev'n the Rose, with all her art
 To force a blush, can fix a dart,

I have no notion, no not I,
 What people mean by being shy;
 But this I know by practis'd rules,
 Mock-modesty's the mark of fools.
 'Trust me it is.—You'll find, when wiser,
 A NETTLE was your best adviser.

With reas'nings vain and words of wind,
 Oppos'd against a feeling mind,

Thus spoke our self-created MENTOR,
When Tommy and the Gard'ner enter.

The boy, who chanc'd just then to view
The pert young NETTLE where she grew,
While fear and heat his eyes express'd,
In haste the gard'ner thus address'd.

O Richard, there's the wicked weed !
It must be pluck'd—it must indeed ;
'Tis always doing some one harm,
To day it stung poor sister's arm ;
And she so gently bore the smart,
It griev'd me, Richard, to the heart !

He said——The honest gard'ner smil'd
To see the affection of the child ;
Then thus—young Master would you know
How to subdue this teizing foe,
How, safely from its bed to fling,
Nor feel the venom of its sting,
I'll tell you—Grasp it strongly round,
And pluck it boldly from the ground ;
Its puny arms can ne'er withstand,
The vigor of a manly hand,

But, touch'd with caution or with fear,
It wounds the flesh, and draws the tear.

But ah ! that HUMBLE-PLANT beside it !
With tend'rest care before avoid it !
Let not your tread go near its root,
Nor hand displace a single shoot ;
There's not a shrub in all the ground
So gaz'd on by the neighbours round :
See, how your arm's approach, ev'n now
Has shrunk its leaf, and bent its bough ;
And ev'ry unintended breath,
Gives it a temporary death !
In this, the vegetable kind,
And that of animals are join'd ;
From this the young and fair may gain,
A lesson, never learn'd in vain,
And many a fashionable miss,
And courtly dame, in viewing this,
May blush themselves out-done to see,
In modest sensibility !

The gard'ner ended, and the boy,
Pluck'd up the noxious weed with joy ;
The HUMBLE-PLANT unhurt remains,
The wonder of the neighbouring swains.

S T A N Z A S,

ADDRESSED TO THE

S H E P H E R D T H E N O T,

TO DRAW HIM FROM THE SOLITUDE TO WHICH HE HAD RETIRED,
AFTER THE DEATH OF TIMEUS.

By THE SAME.

GIVE ear to friendship, THENOT! leave the cell!

When social feelings wound the social breast,

Say, can the joyless solitude expel

The shaft, or give the troubled spirit rest?

What gain to Philomel that thro' the noon

Of night, she, lonely, pours the plaintive song?

Grows her soul lighter with the lengthen'd tune?

Sound the notes livelier as they roll along?

Ev'n o'er Sabæa's aromatic coast

What boots the Phenix, lonely queen, to reign ?
A fragrant funeral pile is all her boast,
And death solicited, her only gain !

GIVE ear to Nature, THENOT, leave the shade !
The storms are past, and all the fields are gay ;
The Nymphs in roseate twine their tresses braid,
And Loves and Graces frolic thro' the day ;

Each branch has clasp'd its fellow thro' the grove,
Each rose-bud opens to the balmy gale ;
Carols each warbling throat the tale of love,
Save when soft billings interrupt the tale.

While nymphs, and birds, and trees, and gales, and flow'rs,
In love's sweet extacies their lives employ ;
Say, why should THENOT waste the lonely hours,
A single widower 'midst the gen'ral joy ?

GIVE ear to Love, my THENOT, leave the cell !
Chides not young Cupid at the cold retreat ?
To where the Graces with ANTHEMOE dwell
Shines there no Lode-star to conduct thy feet ?

Or should ANTHEMOE ill requite thy toil,
May not some gentler fair thy sorrows dry?
Beams there no rapture from EUSEMNIA's smile?
Is there no magic in PASTORA's eye?

The tear-worn furrows of the fallow cheek
An hopeless ambush form for Cupid's wiles;
He takes his surer stand, in dimples sleek,
In rosy blushes, and in sunny smiles.

GIVE ear to Glory, THENOT, leave the shade!
Scant is the fame an hermit-life procures,
A niggard praise, hard earn'd, and ill appaid;
A meed ill suited to such souls as yours!

Young TITYRUS * was blest'd of ev'ry Muse,
But love had nipp'd his earliest bud of joy;
Hopeless he wept, beneath the nightly dews,
Unheeded and obscure, a shepherd's boy!—

The trump of glory call'd him from the gloom—
Love, and its torments to the wind were hurl'd;
No more a shepherd, but, the boast of Rome,
The fav'rite of the mistress of the world!

* Virgil.

Ah ! leave the cell then, THENOT, leave the cell !
Of guilt and pale despair the sad sojourn,
Bid sorrowings all and solitudes farewell,
And to the livelier haunts of men return !

Yes, leave the shade, my THENOT, leave the shade !
At once love, friendship, nature, glory, call ;
Be nature, glory, friendship, love, obey'd !—
Deaf to thy DAMON, thou art deaf to all !

S O N G,

AFTER PRIOR.

By THE SAME.

LET Eloquence boast of her pow'r to persuade,
Her lightnings that flash, and her thunders that roll,
But the converse of lovers requires not her aid,
'Tis the language of looks that speaks home to the soul.

Let harmony, vain of her influence, boast
How hearts to exalt, to depress, to entrance ;
But let EYES meet in concert, her magic is lost,
And the music of spheres is subdu'd by a glance.

Let poets from heav'n their sweet numbers derive,
Let Lyttleton's strains be still prais'd by the throng;
But the EYES of the poet's fair theme, when alive,
Would, trust me, have look'd, what had vanquish'd the
song.

Look on then, blest pair, look unspeakable things,
Nor renounce the best gift that to lovers is giv'n;
A Linley and Bach may make concerts for kings
Two pair of fond EYES are a concert for heav'n!

THE
M O D E R N L A D Y
O F F A S H I O N .

By THE SAME.

O H how full of joy and pleasure
Is the Modern Lady's life !
Vacant hours of long, long, leisure,
Free from passion, thought, and strife,
When the noon, her morn, is dawning,
See her on her pillow laid,
Dozing, dreaming, stretching, yawning !—
Was there e'er an happier maid !

See her now, before her mirror,
Paying homage justly due ;
Now, her sex's boast and terror,
See ! she's drest, and hark ! 'tis two !

Now in gilded chariot rolling,
See her through the city drive,
Listless, languid, lounging, lolling,—
She's the happiest thing alive !

Punctual now in due rotation
All her visits must be paid ;
Now thro' all the shops in fashion
See, she cheapens a brocade !
Home at last returns the goddess,
Full of dear, polite *Ennui*,
Qualmish, vap'rish, howish, oddish !—
None so happy sure as she !

Now, the drawing-room enjoyments
In their bright routine advance ;
Dull improvements, low employments
Yield to charming *Nonchalance*.
Or, if business seem more soothing,
Something nice, and quite in ton,
Nipping, netting, knotting, nothing,
End the day, as it begun.

E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE GOOD AND TRULY PIOUS

MISS BRIDGET BURNE.

By L. O'REILLY,

LATE OF REIFIELD.

UNHAPPY Hibernia mourn, O mourn and do not cease,
Thus and only thus can you equitably appease,
The throbs and grief's of all that lov'd the good,
The seraphick spirit that from you alas ! is fled,

T R A N S L A T E D,

By THE SAME.

Of the following *Jeu d'esprit*, the origin is perhaps scarce worth recording. The Author of the original was a poor mad itinerant Ballad-maker. In an evening's walk in the country, a company of ladies, amongst whom was the translator, happening to meet the strolling Bard, purchas'd the whole collection of his compositions. The Elegy in question happening to be the first read, they amused themselves with laughing at it. The translator undertook its defence; extolled its excellencies; and dared to hint something about the taste of ladies for fashionable dress and frippery. Whether in penance for his crime, he was condemned to the following task, or whether in support of his argument he undertook it, he has forgot.

Pour, Erin, pour the sympathetic tear!

Alas! what other comfort now remains;
For all who lov'd, for all who mourn the fair
Th' angelic spirit that has left your plains,

Mourn ye widow's your comfortress is gone ;
 Ye orphans mourn thrice orphanized again,
 Lament ye poor ye lost her tender looking charity,
 Who pity'd your wants distress and misery :
 In all your griefs along with you she would grieve,
 Oppress'd with distress until your's she would relieve :
 Ye pious christians great and small lament.
 She is gone whose Heavenly spirit gave you all content,
 Unhappy Hibernia Ominous Ominous is your fate,
 Since you have lost that celestial Heavenly spirit.
 Unless she works your patronage with God above
 Who again may take you into his love,
 On earth her virtuous parallel she scarce did leave.
 Her acquaintance no wonder do not can not cease to grieve,
 Good natured tender pious affectionate, sincere,
 In charitable deeds incessant and in prayer,
 She lov'd God and truth to that high degree,
 Could her seraphick soul heat she hated but hypocrisy.
 Her desires thoughts, words, and actions only sought,
 Gods honour and glory to promote,
 She was sincere good hearted hospitable kind,
 Her serafick soul with every grace and virtue shined,

Ye widows weep, whose comfortrefs is gone !
 Ye orphans, who a fecond parent lofe !
 Ye poor, who from her pitying eye, have known,
 And bounteous hand, a balm for all your woes !
 Clos'd is that hand, the faithful ftew'rd of heav'n,
 That tender looking eye, whose fmile, whose tear
 Still beam'd to blefs the gift the hand had giv'n
 Or fell, to weep the woe it could not chear.
 Ye pious Christians mourn, whose holy zeal,
 By hers inspir'd, could nobler heights explore;
 Whose fouls ſhe warm'd, and boſoms taught to feel
 Burnings of love and faith unfelt before !
 Oh ! ominous, Hibernia, is thy fate
 Unlefs that gentle foul, whose works of love
 Below might well have fav'd your ſinking ſtate,
 Perfiſt, to work your patronage above.
 For oh ! what equal has ſhe left behind
 In warm beneficence, in ceafelefs pray'r,
 In looks endearing, and in accents kind,
 And all the virtues of the friend ſincere !
 Attach'd to God and truth, each word, each thought,
 Each movement of her heart was fix'd on high ;
 Yet unaffected all, ſincere, untaught,
 Her foul abhorr'd the hypocritic lie.

She spoke the French and learned the Irish to perfection,
 Weekly taught crouds of children there christian doctereene:
 She studyed physick on purpose to relieve the poor,
 She kept always medicens their Languers for to cure,
 The loathsomests ulcers that would the poor opprefs,
 With her own blessed hands she would drefs,
 The soveraign Lord whose immence wisdom did ordain,
 Different herbs various virtues to retain
 The indefaticable labours of Miss Burne so did blefs,
 To cure her patients she always had success.
 In the happy youth of her domestick abode,
 The seeds of every christian virtue she has sowed,
 Her domesticks before bed-time every night.
 In mutal reciprocal prayer she would unite,

To cheer the pris'ner's hours with converse mild,
 She learn'd the language of her country's foes ;
 Nay, ev'n the jargon of th' Iernian wild
 Flow'd from her lips to sooth the peasant's woes.
 How oft the children of the swains among
 Has she persuasive taught the Christian lore ;
 While barb'rous sounds learn'd sweetness from her tongue,
 And truth itself seem'd lovelier than before !
 The poor's physician, ev'ry balm of pow'r
 To heal, she knew, and would, herself, apply ;
 No feelings forc'd her, in affliction's hour,
 To pass the wretched unassisted by.
 She dress'd their ulcers, and that God, whose will
 Each simplest herb with healing pow'r can bless,
 Smil'd on her work of love, well pleas'd, and still
 Confirm'd her labors with the wish'd success.
 Each happy youth around her calm abode,
 Her pious and maternal care confest ;
 While by her hand each christian grace was sow'd,
 'Till a new Eden bloom'd in ev'ry breast.
 Each ev'ning would her gentle voice convene
 * Her servants to the grateful task of pray'r ;
 Heav'n look'd with pleasure on the pious train
 And no sun set without a blessing there.

With holy conversation and pure integrity,
 She done all her works to gods honour and glory,
 To speak God's praises was her greatest joy,
 This was her chief employment and felicity.
 Pure joy tenacious of a certain certitude,
 To be enraped coheir in Christ's celestial abode,
 During immemorable ages, Angels shall celebrate her im-
 mortal fame,
 Her victores and virtues memorable ever shall remain.
 O ye her friends if ye can cease to grieve,
 Raise now your mournful thoughts from the grave,
 Her glorious soul in spetious mantions of Heavens im-
 mensity,
 In angelick consort shall reign for all eternity.
 There grief shall find no place nor joy shall have an End,
 Never ending delights the blessed shall there ever find ;
 In frequence of eternal day in great transcending joys,
 Unremitting echoes there rowls never failing Allelujahs,

Her conversation, holy—God, the theme
 That did her words and works and thoughts employ ;
 To do his will her only end and aim,
 To speak his praise her great delight and joy.
 Pure joy ! built firmly on that stedfast hope
 Which no doubt staggers and no fear deters,
 That Christ's bright realm its living gates will ope,
 And his divine eternity be hers !
 And it is hers !—already has the voice
 Of Heav'n's full choir her entrance there proclaim'd,
 And Seraphim with holy joy rejoice
 To hear their fairest, loveliest inmate nam'd.
 O ye, her friends ! if you can cease your tears,
 Raise now your drooping thoughts beyond the tomb,
 And view your faint above heav'n's rolling spheres
 Enthron'd, and beaming with immortal bloom ;
 Where grief can find no place, joy know no end,
 In all the fullness of celestial day ;
 Where ages spent leave ages still to spend
 In joys, that steal no part of life away ;
 Where in full choir angelic concerts rise,
 And hymns of praise to God for ever roll ;
 While ceaseless echoes thro' the list'ning skies
 Loud Allelujahs waft from pole to pole ;

Thro' the sublimest pleasures of celestial felicity,
Every moment to augment as immence as eternity,
No space can bound, Heaven's sublimest atmosphere,
Nor tongue can speak what God does prepair,
For those who do him love and does his Law preserve,
With Christ coheir they Eternally shall live.
Could good nature recoil that joy grief should perponderate,
Her presant glory that we should congratulate,
Good nature must have its way reason still shall joy,
And thus we all congratulate her felicity.

Where bliss to bliss in endless pomp succeeds,
 And each new moment's joy o'ertops the last;
 Each rapture, greatest deem'd, to greater leads,
 And the long future still outshines the past!
 Children elect of God!—with Christ co-heirs
 Of all Heav'n's boundless realm!—No pen can trace
 No heart conceive the triumphs God prepares
 For those who faint not in the glorious race.
 Cease then thy tears, good nature! And instead,
 With joy let ev'ry friendly bosom glow;
 The faint we mourn for sleeps not with the dead,
 But wears in Heav'n the wreath she won below.
 Thus reason whispers peace—But ah how vain
 Are reason's whisp'rings to the woe-worn heart!
 In spite of reason, while the breast's in pain,
 The lip will quiver and the tear will start.
 Yet, reason, gath'ring strength by time, one day
 Shall graft upon that rooted pain a stem
 Of chasten'd joy, shall dry our tears away,
 Or if it fail to dry, shall sweeten them!
 Thus mourn'd, congratulated thus, her fate
 At once the source of sorrow and relief,
 Shall share, while hearts with mingled feelings beat,
 The tear of reason's joy, and passion's grief!

THE
F O R G E O F L E M N O S,
A C A N T A T A,

FROM ROUSSEAU THE ELDER.

By THE SAME.

TO those fam'd caverns, fraught with fires unspent,
Where ceaseless hammers forge the bolts of Jove,
Her son's exhausted quiver Venus sent,
New to be furnish'd with the shafts of Love.
To frame the magic work had ev'ry Smile
And Grace and Pleasure lent their strongest charms ;
And Vulcan thus, to animate their toil
Address'd the Cyclops, as they wrought the arms.

“ Blow your bellows, blow them faster,
“ Quick the sluggish embers raise,
“ 'Tis the mistress of your master,
“ Venus now commands the blaze.

“ Let the furnace foam and bubble,
“ Let a thousand barbs be ground,
“ And the red hammers’ strokes redouble,
“ ’Till the caverns echo round.”

’Twas thus the Lemnian God, by love subdu’d,
Was arming ’gainst himself a faithless wife,
When Mars came down, his hands in blood embu’d,
Flaming and furious, from the fields of strife.
“ And is it then,” he cries, “ for childish toys,
“ Say, son of Juno, that the furnace glows ;
“ Is it for baubles, for the sport of boys
“ That LEMNOS shrinks beneath your heavy blows ?

“ Snap the pigmy shafts in sunder !
“ Fie ! the shameful toil give o’er !
“ Resign the trade of forging thunder,
“ Or trifle thus no more !”

Thus vainly storm’d the God, when, quick as thought,
Home at his heart a vengeful shaft he feels :
How chang’d !—each vein the subtle fire has caught,
And his hard cheek the new-born shame reveals.
He tries to speak—the half-form’d words expire—
Sighs, torpor, lassitude, betray the fire—

His fierceness flies—His looks, confus'd, the while,
Meeting a glance from Cupid's eye, are check'd,
And scarce recov'ring thence, completely wreck'd
By Venus, on a smile.

Yield then heroes! don't be stupid,
All your fierceness is a farce,
Mars is but a child to Cupid,
Cupid is the real Mars.
Yield to Love, the world's enslaver!
Yield, nor be his pleasure cross'd!
Humble suit may gain his favor,—
To contend is—to be lost—

TO

A L A D Y,

WHO HAD REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO LEND HER
ANGEL'S SHORT HAND, AND TO GIVE HER
SOME LESSONS IN THE ART.

BY THE SAME.

SAY why should CHARLOTTE's fingers toil
To learn the flying penman's art,
When each sweet look of hers and smile
Can print themselves upon the heart?

In far less time than art can trace
These words "I love" upon the scroll,
Shall CHARLOTTE by some magic grace
Have stamp'd the passion on the soul.

Throw by the pen, and write with eyes,
My heart the tablet,—quick, 'tis done !
Already see a volume rise,
E'er meaner pens have well begun !

Now read the work—'tis fit you should—
All learners first should read with care—
You'll surely, if the paper's good,
Find the true " ANGEL'S SHORT HAND" there.

Nay try to read——'tis fairly writ,
And shines with merits giv'n to few,
'Tis fill'd with genius, virtue, wit,
With sense, with taste, in short with—YOU.

Or if your skill be yet too flight,
A new engagement let us sign—
Teach *me* on *your* heart so to write,
And I'll teach *you* to read in *mine*.

C U P I D I N J E S T.

By THE SAME.

LOVE presented to my view,
Eyes of all forts, black and blue ;
Wove into a Lover's net,
Hair of all forts, gold and jet ;
Schem'd to trouble my repose,
With the shape of many a nose ;
And, forgetting I was blind,
Show'd me cheeks of ev'ry kind.

All these changes when he'd prov'd,
And my breast was still unmov'd
At the beauties he had shown,
He concluded I was stone.

When alas will Love be wise,
And reflect, that " MINDS HAVE EYES !"

CUPID IN EARNEST.

By THE SAME.

LOVE, grown wiser by defeat,
Having chang'd his plan of late,
Offer'd to my view a MIND,
Of a rare and wond'rous kind,
Bearing, on a blazon'd scroll,
This inscription, "CHARLOTTE'S SOUL."

Oh ! 'Twas a soul that did appear
Like some crystal fountain clear,
With a golden sand below,
Mix'd with gems of such a glow,
If a diver there should roam
Surely he'd come wealthy home !

On its surface, smooth and even,
 Shone, improv'd, the face of heav'n.
 Not an eddy there was found,
 Hurrying light things in its round,
 Not a feather in the way,
 To distort, a single ray,
 But all nature seem'd more fair
 That was once reflected there.

'Twas no stream that joy'd to run
 Flaring to the noon-day sun,
 While its babbling current show'd
 From what shallow fount it flow'd ;
 Nor yet one whose lifeless tide
 Lov'd through fullen swamps to glide,
 Still in listless languor creeping,
 As her sluggish nymph lay sleeping ;
 But a rill, that, while it stray'd
 Modest through the bow'ring shade,
 And with soothing murmur stole,
 Grateful on the shepherd's soul,
 Often would delight to wander
 Careless in some gay meander ;
 With a course so sweetly steering,
 Betwixt confidence and fearing,

As might well at once exprefs,
Gentleneſs and chearfulneſs.

Never ruffled would it ſeem,
But when Pain approach'd the ſtream,
When Diſtreſs with tearful eye,
Or chill Penury paſt by.
Oh ! 'twas then th' aſtoniſh'd view,
Might a wond'rous ſcene purſue !
From each deep receſs uprear'd
Then the hidden wealth appear'd !
Ev'ry wave brought ſhining ore,
Ev'ry wave threw gems aſhore ;
While a ſacred healing pow'r
That ſtill bleſs'd the turbid hour,
Prov'd to all the languid ranks,
Health who fought upon its banks,
'Twas not Boreas' angry form,
Nor ſhrill Eurus rais'd the ſtorm,
But, as holy lore has told
Of Bethesda's founts of old,
Some bright Angel-wing had quit
Heav'n, and flown to trouble it.

Buzz'd no gaudy inſect round,
But the buſy bee was found

Often there, who lov'd to drink
Honey on its flow'ry brink,
And the birds of sweetest song,
Carol'd still its banks along.

While I thus, with rapture seiz'd,
On this lovely mirror gaz'd,
Like Narcissus " Oh !" cried I,
" Could I but only once espy
" My own image there imprest,
" I were more than more than blest'd !"

Happy, happy swain were he,
Who beneath some shadowy tree,
On its bank might sit, inhaling
Sweets, and ev'ry sense regaling,
All his thoughts in bliss engross'd,
'Till his soul itself were lost !
There how oft, with ravish'd eyes,
Would he see, from op'ning skies,
Heav'nly visitants descending,
On ambrosial wings, and bending
To that sacred stream their flight,
There to bathe their essence bright !
Dian chaste would oft be seen
There, and round their virgin queen

All the Virtues would appear,
With the Graces sporting there !

Oh ! what wonder then if I
Found my fancy rapt so high,
At the sight of such a rare
Quintessence of good and fair,
Far beyond the pow'r of praising,
As to lose myself in gazing !
Oh what wonder if my heart,
Fir'd beyond the cure of art,
All expanded, all oppress'd,
Beat to bursting in my breast ;
While with words half sigh'd, half spoken,
“ Love,” I cried, in accents broken,
“ You have fully prov'd your pow'r,
“ You but play'd with me before ;
“ You have prov'd my boast unwise,
“ You have prov'd that I had eyes ;
“ But prov'd also, to my cost,
“ *Finding them, that hearts are lost !*”

E P I S T L E.

FROM THE AUTHOR AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE TO HIS FRIEND
IN DUBLIN.

By THE SAME.

INVOLV'D in the twentyfold darkness and smoke
Of London and Littleton, sea-coal and Coke ;
Condemn'd in the lead-mine of law-books to dig,
And refine the rich ore, 'till it shines in a pig ;
To leave all the fine arts in an instant, oh heavens !
For Slanders and Trovers, Assaults and Replevins,
My whole stock of bards from my brain to discharge,
For the truer sublime of the Statutes at Large ;
To desert Bach for Bracton, and Handel for Hale,
And "*Ti parla il cuore*" for "Tenant in Tail ;"
You'll not be surpris'd that a rhyme nor a song,
Have escap'd from my pen or my finger so long.

All the Virtues would appear,
With the Graces sporting there !

Oh ! what wonder then if I
Found my fancy rapt so high,
At the sight of such a rare
Quintessence of good and fair,
Far beyond the pow'r of praising,
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Of London and Littleton, fea-coal and Coke ;
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And refine the rich ore, 'till it fhines in a pig ;
To leave all the fine arts in an instant, oh heavens !
For Slanders and Trovers, Affaults and Replevins,
My whole flock of bards from my brain to difcharge,
For the truer fublime of the Statutes at Large ;
To desert Bach for Bracton, and Handel for Hale,
And "*Ti parla il cuore*" for "Tenant in Tail ;"
You'll not be furpris'd that a rhyme nor a fong,
Have escap'd from my pen or my finger fo long.

In concord the effence of poetry's found,
 On concord depends all the magic of found;
 Gross discord in either discovers a flaw,
 But discord's the only foundation of LAW.

What strength can compel such extremes to unite;
 One might easier prove darkness a species of light;
 One might easier prove North for a Minister fit,
 Or Cumberland equal to Congreve in wit.

When therefore this page shall have cross'd o'er the sea,
 And reach'd where its writer sighs often to be,
 You'll receive it with kindness, and prize it, I hope,
 Above all ever written by Swift or by Pope,
 Preserve it in cedar, or frame it and glaze it!
 And, if any critic should dare to dispraise it,
 Would you force him at once his objections to swallow,
 Just tell him, Lord Coke was the author's Apollo.

These matters premis'd, I no longer shall ramble,
 But modestly pause, and conclude my preamble,
 To show that, for all the fly hints that are cast,
 A Lawyer *may* come to his subject—at last.

Say Muses! since law is now lord of the earth,
 Since ye are depriv'd of the rights of your birth,

Since *your* lot is Bedlam and begg'ry, while hers
Is the court and the senate, the seals and the furs,
Say, Muses! how first the great diff'rence arose,
Or how LAW and POETRY came to be foes!

We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told
How, when Gods liv'd on earth, and the ages were gold,
E'er the virgin Astrea was chang'd to a star,
Or Ate came down to preside at the bar,
In those happy seasons, conjoin'd hand in hand,
'Twas MUSIC and VERSE that gave LAW to the land.

No lawyers were then the dispute to prolong,
But heroes grew calm to the sound of the song;
No quacks, the return of fair health to retard,
But the feeble grew strong to the strains of the bard;
No priest, with false terrors the soul to enslave,
But they bent to the bard, and grew pious and brave.

The songs of the Seraphs that guided the poles,
'Then beam'd inspiration to musical souls;
And the bards, to whom thus the bright spirit was giv'n,
Re-echo'd the notes back in praises to heav'n.

Proud reason, that boaster so empty and vain,
 Had as yet spun no cobweb to darken the brain ;
 All, all was pure nature, untinctur'd by art,
 And the tongue, and the hand were led on by the heart ;
 The heart, unsuspicious, nor yet render'd hard,
 Gave, fully and simply, its key to the bard ;
 And, while it grew gentle, and gen'rous, and just,
 Bore witness, the bard had been true to the trust.

Thus roll'd the bright ages, but where are they gone !
 When all the good arts were united in one.
 Blest ages ! whose glories the world still admire !
 Whose histories charm us, whose virtues inspire !
 Whose legends, engrav'd on his mind and his brow,
 Are all the poor bard has of happiness now !

Now mark the reverse, and hear virtue bemoan
 How short was the reign of the muse, and her own—
 Too soon a rude race of fierce GIANTS arose,
 To virtue at once and to harmony foes ;
 Huge masses of matter, where heav'n had confin'd
 One single, half-smother'd, dim sparkle of mind ;
 Not fram'd to shine brightly, or gently to warm,
 It slumber'd in death, or it wak'd in a storm :
 Now quench'd and inert, it was darkness profound,
 Now rous'd, it exploded with ruin around ;

Like fires deep-embowell'd, convulsing the earth
 To give some volcano its horrible birth ;
 Or the flash, that at midnight diswomb'd from the clouds,
 Gives light to the tempest, by firing the shrouds.

Oh race ill accomplish'd for virtue to chuse
 Her pupils ! oh audience unfit for the muse !
 Gross, tasteless, inelegant, selfish, and cold,
 Her beauties in vain did fair nature unfold ;
 Her harmoniz'd motions, her mystical dance,
 To them were confusion, the jumble of chance ;
 Those magical measures that guided the spheres,
 Were sound without meaning, that deafen'd their ears ;
 And spring, with its songs, and its gales, and its flow'rs,
 A blind, putrid, ferment, of sunshine and show'rs !

All inlets to virtue thus clogg'd at the source,
 Verse lost her persuasion, and music her force ;
 No longer prevail'd that invisible charm,
 That master'd the soul without binding the arm ;
 Those heart-supplied topics, so cogent and strong,
 When wisdom to feeling addresses the song,
 To be grateful to heav'n, to be just to mankind,
 Were to them the vain dreams of the old and the blind ;

The bard's sacred mission they proudly contemn,
 His lyre and his voice had no sanction for them,
 On their strength and their stature they stilted their pride,
 And stiffen'd their necks 'till the Gods they defied;
 With impious hands they make war on the sky,
 With impious fury rear mountains on high,
 At heav'n are those gold-hiding monuments hurl'd,
 And wealth, want, and wretchedness burst on the world.

Heav'n's power thus insulted; its vengeance began—
 The heav'nly orchestra was clos'd against man;
 Swords of flame now the hands of the seraphs employ,
 The planets no more sing their carols of joy,
 Or sing them in whispers breath'd soft through the air,
 Which none but the bard are permitted to share:
 Fierce thunders instead, that affrighted the soul,
 And the jarring of hurricanes roar'd through the pole.
 The mountains uprooted return'd to their base,
 And crush'd in their ruins the infamous race,
 To whose groans their dark caverns wide yawning to hell
 Re-echoed harsh discord, and heighten'd their yell.

Oh sequel of pride and rebellion accurst!
 Then then return'd Chaos more rude than the first!

In vain were the giants in battle o'erthrown,
 The seeds of corruption were ev'ry where sown.
 The passions, all rous'd, were let loose from their chains,
 Ambition cry'd havoc ! and delug'd the plains ;
 Proud force, brutal force, by no scruples o'eraw'd,
 Reign'd sole, or divided its empire with fraud ;
 In proper was seiz'd what in common was giv'n,
 And the weak were despoil'd of the bounties of heav'n ;
 While gold, with its venom diffus'd o'er the ball,
 Infected, pervaded, impregnated all !

The empire of vice, like an image of clay,
 Or a structure of sand, is the dream of a day :
 Those Nimrods, like blood-hounds who hunted mankind,
 Found their thrones and their sceptres the sport of the
 wind ;
 No principles stable their pow'r to maintain,
 The crimes that had crown'd them dethron'd them again ;
 Some new set of robbers their standard unfurl'd,
 And a circle of wickedness ravag'd the world.

Bright tribute to virtue unwillingly paid !
 Even vice, to find safety, creeps under her shade !—
 Those tyrants themselves to whom crime upon crime,
 Had serv'd as a scaffold to empire to climb,

Now wish from those crimes to have others restrain'd,
 And would cherish that virtue they lately disdain'd.
 They apply to the bard—But the bard in a roar
 That shook them like thunder, cried, “Tyrants restore !
 “ Restore to the shepherd his pipe and his sheep,
 “ And his innocent life and his peaceable sleep;
 “ Restore to the widow her children and spouse,
 “ The props of her age and the lord of her vows;
 “ Restore to the orphan her brothers and fire,
 “ To the maid her beloved, her bosom's desire;
 “ Tear down the inclosure, demolish the wall,
 “ What in common was giv'n be left common to all;
 “ To mankind their manhood their freedom restore,
 “ And gold and dominion be heard of no more !”

Too harsh was the song, the decree too severe,
 For childish and selfish ambition to bear—
 The bold voice of truth they discard—and instead,
 A new servile system erected its head :
 LAWS, LAWS are invented; a scheme to secure
 The robber grown rich, in the spoils of the poor;
 Laws, laws are enacted, the weak to depress,
 And establish the strong in the pow'r they possess;
 Laws sanction'd by cruelties, grounded on crimes,
 Take place of the gentle persuasion of rhimes;

Laws, fertile in penalty, fertile in pain,
 That harden the heart while the hand they restrain,
 Laws, marshall'd in bloody procession along,
 That teach to commit, and then punish, the wrong.

Yet still there remain'd a few bards in the land,
 Who held with these laws a divided command ;
 A chosen few still had the courage to sing
 The deeds of old times to the sound of the string ;
 To teach a fall'n race to despise the vile sod,
 And to tread the fair heights their forefathers had trod ;
 Themselves and the gods and the laws to respect,
 And to bear those abuses they could not correct ;
 To be gentle and just, and to cherish the arts ;—
 Secure of a sanction, if men had but hearts.

These nobly persisted—and thousands around,
 Who before had been monsters, grew men at the sound :
 The passions, those vultures that ravage the breast,
 Hid their beaks in their wings, and were charm'd into rest ;
 And empty tribunals, 'midst gen'ral applause,
 Proclaim'd, that the MUSE was a friend to the LAWS.

But now farewell harmony, peace and repose !
 For ever farewell ! for now LAWYERS arose !
 Now lawyers arose, men who practis'd the art
 To hire out their lungs, and get passion by heart ;

Now lawyers arose, men who liv'd on debate,
 To whom concord was famine, and strife an estate;
 Now lawyers arose, and the brief, and the case,
 And the brood of Attornies, an horrible race!
 And the long train of clients low cringing behind,
 And the fee, smelling strong of the crimes of mankind.

These fable-rob'd warriors, too quickly began
 To feel that the bard was a check to their plan;
 He calm'd the contentions they wish'd to prolong,
 He thinn'd the tribunals they labour'd to throng;
 And the laws, which their bus'ness was oft to defeat,
 His genius made plain, and his melodies sweet;
 He fix'd them on principles obvious and wide,
 With ardor impress'd them, with wisdom applied,
 Allied them to happiness, reason and truth,
 Condens'd them for age, and adorn'd them for youth.

Alarm'd at such multiplied treasons as these,
 Deserted by clients, defrauded of fees,
 These artful usurpers a structure prepar'd,
 To keep in the client, and keep out the bard;
 A something 'twixt fortrefs, and palace, and fane,
 Which who can decypher, describe, or explain?
 On a basis of fraud-founded fictions uprear'd,
 Black columns of technical jargon appear'd,

Whence, story on story, the Babel they pil'd,
 While reason and taste from the plan were exil'd,
 No regular portals, no gradual ascent,
 Nor light could find entrance, nor smoke get a vent;
 A magical talisman, form'd of hard words,
 One only, one difficult access affords,
 Of sounds so discordant, no bard could rehearse
 Their names to his lyre, or record them in verse.
 The fabric, thus finish'd, still more to secrete,
 And to frighten their foe from the gloomy retreat,
 A thousand dark mazes they fram'd, which they knew
 The foot of a poet could never get through;
 A thousand deep circling entrenchments they wound,
 With intricate labyrinths tangled around;
 That the bard in his search might be still led astray,
 And return on his footsteps to truth and to day.

Old Chaos look'd pleas'd when the structure he saw,
 And Ate proclaim'd the great TEMPLE OF LAW.
 And now view the lawyers secure on their throne,
 And the kingdom of quirks and of clamor their own;
 Their patent exclusive, to pull and to fleece,
 Both in letter and figure, the sheep and the geese!
 And now sing ye muses the glories unheard,
 Of ages whose Phœbus wore always a beard!

What fancy, what graces illumin'd the page,
 When Crokes, Brookes and Doddridges polish'd the age ;
 When words were our learning, and things were forgot,
 And quaint etymology prov'd—what was not ;
 When the reas'ning was quibble, a pun the sublime,
 And the taste, Coke's Reports primly pacing in rhyme !

Then vanish'd the Muses; to heav'n they arose,
 And left us to pedantry, priestcraft and prose :
 The bard in despair climbing after aloof,
 Having reach'd to the garret, was stopp'd by the roof;
 There fix'd in a gloomy despondence remains,
 Or learns from the spider to spin from his brains,
 Or, while Lawyers engross all the paper and quills,
 On the wall tells with charcoal the tale of his ills.

And might not all this have abated your rage,
 Ye framers and rods of the crimes of the age ?
 Must still further spite and injustice be shown
 To the monarch your arts have prevail'd to dethrone ?
 Must Sparta's proud lawgivers farther conspire
 To banish their bard for improving his lyre ?
 Must Plato's more rigid behests be obey'd,
 'Till not a sweet songster be left in the shade ?
 Must England's stern forest-laws grant a decree,
 Dear shade of my Shakespear ! for punishing thee ?

Must an haughty convention of Presbyters frown,
 And the author of Douglas be stripp'd of his gown ?
 Must genius to dullness for ever submit,
 And fines and proscriptions still persecute wit ?
 And as if none of this were sufficiently hard,
 As if no disgrace were too great for the bard,
 Must a senate of dunces a sentence pronounce,
 That sinks all the Muses to begg'ry at once ;
 Robb'd even of the meed which their talents had won,
 And their last, single pittance, their COPY-RIGHT gone !

Proceed, Laws and Lawgivers ! boldly proceed !—
 But the bard can a page of futurity read ;
 Which tells him “ the season of enmity's o'er,
 “ And the MUSES and LAWS shall be friends as before.”—
 And see ! how already the dawning appears,
 That leads on a series of fortunate years !
 See time-honour'd MURRAY, the friend of the Muse,
 A poet himself, the great object pursues !
 Beneath his bright genius the mazes unfold
 That circled the mystical fabric of old !
 A thousand new vistas are caught and display'd,
 And Phœbus takes pleasure in chequ'ring the shade !
 O blest with all graces together combin'd
 That can beam from an eye, or a voice, or a mind !

O born to persuade, to convince, to command !
Live on, to complete the great work thou hast plann'd !
'To out-run the prediction so early applied,
To be more than a Tully, and greater than Hyde !

See BLACKSTONE, a bard too, renouncing the bays,
Has plung'd through the gloom, and has thridded the
maze ;

And now, with a nice architectural taste,
Is correcting the faults that the pile had disgrac'd !
At the touch of his hand open portals appear,
And steps to ascend by, and windows to chear !
The black magic columns, still fix'd on their base,
Give an air of antique, and an awe to the place ;
And, releas'd from their old cabalistic abuse,
Are found to have meaning and wisdom and use.

Thus, thus, by a fraud that ev'n virtue admires,
The reverse of old Alfred's, by *hiding* their lyres,
Two BARDS have at length become priests of the fane,
And order and light are returning again.

Proceed oh ye bards ! your great object pursue !
If the work's ever finish'd, it must be by you !
With speed and effect to relieve the oppress'd,
To curb the black passions that poison the breast,

From fraud and chicane to have rescu'd the laws—
Let this be your labour, and this your applause !

And thou too IERNE, my lov'd native Isle,
If the Muse can foresee, shalt have reason to smile !
Thee too in thy poet a triumph awaits,
Oh guard him, Apollo ! protect him, ye Fates !
So, rais'd to due honours thy fages among,
While law's purest doctrines fall sweet from his tongue,
Shall he pay to the Muses his early-made vow,
And an HUSSEY be then, what a MANSFIELD is now !

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F R A G M E N T,

IN THE STYLE OF SPENSER,

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO AN INTENDED CONTINUATION OF THE

CANTO OF MUTABILITY,

LEFT UNFINISHED BY THAT AUTHOR.

By THE SAME.

W O worth the careless Carle, whose caitiff hand
Lost in those western waves that booke of thyne
My gentle SPENSER, pride of faery lande !
And sacred pages, stol'n fro Phœbus' shrine,
Drent, and immers'd in the salt sea bryne !
Ne'er founded be his name by shepheard's tongue,
Ne round his tombe the sacred ivy twyne,
Ne soothing requiem to his soule be funge,
Ne pilgrim's vow be heard the tufted heaps among !

When as I thynke, thou dear delight of all,
 That tredde the Muses haunts, or love their lore,
 What fore mishap did to thy worke befall
 Beyond the reach of fortune to restore,
 Ah well away! my harte is pin'd so fore
 With inward ruth and sad compaffionne,
 That my poor dimmed eyes are clouded o'er,
 And pay for each sweet lyne, so lost and gone,
 A pitiful exchange, a tear for ev'rie one!

And you, ye salt seas, to whose wide bosome
 So fair a freight was trusted, how could you
 Consign them, ruthles, to your watry tomb?
 Some meeter meed was fure the shepherd's due
 Who funge so sweetly of your Nympez blue!
 And you ye Nymphs, where was your pity when
 You could with dry eyes that sad shipwreck view?
 And you ye Dolphines, fam'd the friends of men,
 Ye fav'd a poet once! ye lost a better then!

And yet perchaunce not lost! haply to where
 In coral bow'r the nereid sisters play,
 And braid in pearly twine their azure hair,
 Some nymph convey'd the precious prize away;

Perhaps even now, attentive to the lay,
 Fair Amphytrite, deck'd in coronall
 Of Gold and sapphires, spends the live-long day;
 Mute are the nymphs, and mute the tritons all,
 While Gloriane's triumphs ring thro' Neptune's acry hall.

O what an heav'n it were to mortal ear,
 Could mortal ear but catch their carolling!
 Ne other sound would my foule wish to hear,
 Ne voice of song, ne pipe, ne filv'ry string,
 Ne zephyr's sigh, ne all the choir of sprynge,
 Could I but onely, onely, hear that straine!
 How wolde I bend to listen! with what swynge
 Re-echo each note to the worlde againe,
 Each note, big with thy praise, my liefest Gloriane!

Rapt with the thought, my heart is hent aloof,
 And brens with feats of chivalrous emprise,
 Of Ladies gay, and knightes in armor proof,
 Whose high acquits and long lost memories
 Glance in straunge visioune o'er my ravish'd eyes!
 Ev'n now so high my fantasie is wound
 With fair conceits of gallant histories,
 That I, even I, the simplest swaine on ground,
 Am tempted forth their long defrauded praise to sound.

And it shall found ! and many a noble name
 Which Lethe's murky wave has buried long,
 Shall wake from their long sleep, and have their fame ;
 And manie a gentle virtue which thy song,
 Sweet shade ! had blazon'd erst in colorynge strong,
 Rude chance that did such moniments to die !
 Shall live againe the mouths of men amonge,
 Ne other wave shall sink them, but on hie
 The tyde of tyme shall waft them to eternitie !

And it shall found ! and thou, most gentle spirit
 That ever whisper'd in a shepheard's ear,
 My SPENSER's shade ! from where thou dost inherit
 Thy bow'r of blyffe above, sometymes appear,
 And to thy shepheard's lonely dreams be near !
 And whiles thy ruin'd pile of honours rest
 I strive with weakly hand againe to rear,
 So teach me to recall fate's cruel theft,
 That I of what is lost may deem by what is left !

And thee, fair CONSTANCY ! of all the band
 Ætherial that support bright virtue's throne
 The firmest pillar, thee the poet's hand
 With teints of living colors all his own

Had full and faire pourtray'd, tho' now alone
 Some scatter'd traces of the worke remaine,
 Remaine to shew in part, what, if 'twere shewn
 In all its just proportions, might restraine
 Far other Bard than I to tempt the lyke againe..

With thee then 'gins the Muse her first essay,
 All be she callow yet and rude to syng,
 Yet hoping haply some maturer day
 May add grace to her song, strength to her wyng.
 And thou my SPENSER ! pardon thou the thyng,
 If I thy SYDNEY's name and virtues rare
 Shall dare into these unco rymes to brynge,
 Thyne ASTROPHEL, whose glories past compare
 In these uncourtly lynes but faintly shadow'd are !

Blest bard of *Arcadie*, from whose sweete lippe,
 Clothed in words of sugred breathings, hunge
 Such queint conceits of curious workmanship,
 As maister'd all except thy Colin's tongue !
 Blest bard, blest heroe too ! whose name has rung
 Where'er the walks of Chevifance extend !
 Certes no sweeter straine can e'er be sung
 To Phoebus' ear, than where thy name is penn'd,
 Great Astrophel ! Arcadia's glorie ! SPENSER'S FRIEND !

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V E R - V E R T

OR THE

P A R R O T,

AN HEROI—COMICAL POEM IN FOUR BOOKS, DONE
FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. GRESSET.

BY THE SAME.

I N T R O D U C T I O N,

BY THE TRANSLATOR, ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN SETTING
OUT ON HIS TRAVELS.

I 'VE read, in some old author, grave and deep,
That TRAV'LLING is not half so good as sleep;
Sound sleep, a steady friend to human kind,
Strengthens alike the body and the mind,

While TRAVEL, like the grape's deceitful juice,
 Is still of doubtful, oft of dang'rous use;
 Doubtful, if e'er it gain'd a single gem,
 When best employ'd, to virtue's diadem,
 But certain, that it oft with felon-art,
 Hath stol'n her principles, and steel'd her heart.
 Those lovely prejudices, which she wore,
 Twin'd with her heart-strings on her native shore,
 Those home-spun maxims, by whose simple aid,
 Our grandfires woo'd her in the rural shade,
 Her honest plain attire, the graceful stole,
 Spun by fair truth, transparent to the soul;
 How oft comes TRAVEL, and with whirlwind sway,
 All these, thy dower, sweet virtue! sweeps away!

Oh happier far his lot, whom fortune shields
 In rude simplicity, on native fields,
 Whose cares a few paternal acres bound,
 Who loves his family, and tills his ground,
 Than his, whom fashion has decoy'd to waste
 His time and talents in pursuit of taste,
 From foreign climes antiques and coins to bear,
 And leave, a sad exchange, his virtues there!

Consult all nature——view the starry skies;
 Who ranks the comet, through the void that flies,

Or planets, fond thro' ev'ry sign to roam,
 With suns, diffusing warmth and life at home ?
 What gains the torrent, down the mountain side
 Rushing with giddy haste, and wasteful pride,
 But filth and feathers, strangers to its source,
 The tears of orphans, and the farmer's curse ?
 To yon proud City's gate a Zephyr comes,
 Exhaling health from herbs and flow'rs and gums ;
 Each rose-bud open'd as he pass'd along,
 And ev'ry bird address'd him with a song ;
 The Dryads courted him to bless their grove,
 His breath was fragrance, and his voice was love.
 His stars seduc'd him from the flow'ry vale ;
 To foreign courts, and TRAVEL speeds the gale.
 At foreign courts our Zephyr now has been,
 Has whisper'd ministers and kiss'd a queen,
 Convers'd with courtly beaux and courtly belles,
 In bagnios, brothels, taverns and hotels ;
 And spent, no mortal could so far presume,
 A whole night long, in Celia's dressing room.

And now behold our TRAV'LLER home repair,
 But oh just Gods ! with what a different air !
 How chang'd from him, the fav'rite of the grove,
 Whose breath was fragrance, and whose voice was love !

With hideous vapours, and cold rheum opprest,
 His flagging wings can scarce support his breast;
 To a dead calm his youthful fire's decay'd,
 Or only wafts infection thro' the shade:
 Not deadlier blasts the hot Sirocco blows,
 The Dryads, as they shun him, stop their nose,
 The skylark drops, if near his haunts he fly,
 The myrtles sicken and the roses die,
 In short, of all that blest'd his native plains,
 Our Zephyr not one quality retains,
 Nor aught has gain'd by crossing lands and seas,
 But fogs and stench, infection and disease.

Thus speaks the voice of Nature, and we all,
 Reason to moral things from natural.
 Our native tongue another proof affords;
 Vagrant, and vagabond are ancient words,
 The road, the highway, to the knave belong,
 To err's at once to wander, and do wrong,
 Knight errant means a madman, and we call,
 An errant rogue, the veriest rogue of all.
 Robs he by sea? A rover straight we hear;
 Does he tell lies? oh! he's a traveller;
 Pimp, atheist, sharper, profligate and poor,
 What words describe him? HE HAS MADE THE TOUR.

The travell'd Cat is ever given to stray ;
The travell'd Pigeon lures your flock away ;
More innocent, at least Gay tells you so,
The travell'd monkey but returns a beau.
What changes TRAVEL in a PARROT wrought,
How small the purchase, and how dearly bought,
Now, while rude East winds block the Irish sea,
Attend—'Tis GRESSET tells the Tale thro' me.

V E R - V E R T,

OR THE

P A R R O T.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ONCE at NEVERS, within a Nunn'ry's grate,
A charming PARROT liv'd in ease and state;
Whose playful graces, whose colloquial art,
Whose social virtues, and whose gen'rous heart,
Might well, if worth could ever boast the pow'r,
Have fav'd their owner from misfortune's hour.

VER-VERT, for such the name our hero bore,
Transplanted early from the Indian shore,
While yet, quite simple, his experience small,
Knew nothing more than just to eat, and call,
For his soul's health, was, by his guardians kind
Within these venerable walls confin'd.

Handsome he was, showy, and spruce, and gay,
 Open and frank, as is youth's careless way,
 His feelings all alive, but good his will,
 And perfectly illiterate in ill;
 In short, his whole complexion, even his rage
 For talk, had mark'd him for a convent cage.

When such perfections grac'd our lovely bird,
 'Twere vain to tell how much he was ador'd.
 Next to the confessor in ev'ry heart
 VER-VERT enjoy'd a favour'd lover's part;
 Nay, if fame lye not, more than one fair breast
 Felt that the PARROT triumph'd o'er the Priest.
 Whate'er refreshment in that calm abode
 Was by the Nuns for their dear fire in God
 To reinstate his holy paunch prepar'd,
 VER-VERT, a guest almost as welcome, shar'd.

Allow'd to all their loves without control,
 He reign'd, the universal convent's soul:
 Except, perhaps, a few maturer dames
 That, having outliv'd love, and all his flames,
 Now live to heav'n alone, and burn with zeal
 To damp the pleasures they no longer feel,
 Not one in all the sisterhood, but prov'd
 By tend'rest instances, how much they lov'd.

As free as air, for birds can do no harm,
 He said, he did, and still was sure to charm.
 With all the wanton fallies of a child
 How oft has he their painful hours beguil'd !
 How oft with wicked bill, in playful strife,
 Peck'd at the kerchief, or derang'd the coil !
 No party could the pious sisters bear
 If our sweet bird were not invited there ;
 Dull past the ev'ning to each yawning maid,
 Unless his various talents were display'd.
 He toy'd, but still with such a modest air
 As never shock'd or discompos'd the fair,
 Still in that bashful, harmless, prudent way
 In which a novice' self might deign to play.

Question'd incessantly by ev'ry tongue,
 He answer'd all, and never answer'd wrong.
 Just so, if faith be due to ancient lore,
 Great CÆSAR dictated at once to four.

A constant guest, no dinner, no desert
 In the refectory, without VER-VERT ;
 There choice of all was offer'd to his taste,
 Besides what else, by way of light repast
 To stay his squeamish appetite 'twixt meals,
 The loaded pockets of each sister fills.

'The train of fond, minute attentions, all
 Were born, 'tis said, within a convent's wall.
 This truth each day our happy hero prov'd,
 For never was court-fav'rite so belov'd.
 Our charming boarder ev'ry heart employ'd ;
 His days in blisful leifure he enjoy'd ;
 In the great dortour * free at night to rest
 He rang'd, and chose the cell he lik'd the best.
 Oh ! happy then, too happy was the fair
 Whose nightly orisons he deign'd to share !
 But seldom with the starch'd and prudent maid
 Of antique gravity and charms decay'd
 Fix'd he his perch. Much oftner in the cell
 Of some young lovely novice he would dwell ;
 There, when the blooming Anchoret had clos'd
 Those eyes he watch'd to look on, he repos'd
 Perch'd on her *Agnus-box*, untill, the night
 Being past, the nymph awoke, and all was light.
 Then, a free witness, of the fair recluse
 Would he survey—the toilet : nor accuse
 The bard, chaste maids, of slander, tho' he tells
 Stories of toilets seen in convent-cells ;
 The bard but whispers in your private ears,
 And echoes, 'tis no more, the tale he hears.

* Dormitory.

He hears, there needs t'adorn a veiled face
 As true a mirror, as if deck'd in lace ;
 That in the holy cloister's calm abode,
 Ev'n as in courts profane, there reigns a mode ;
 That taste may be in simplest drap'ry shown,
 And crape itself learn beauties not its own ;
 That oft a train who pierce both wall and grate,
 A swarm of little loves the fair await,
 Give to the kerchief's fold a graceful air,
 Or twine the fillet that enwreaths the hair ;
 And, to the parlour's glare before you pass,
 One must—at least two glances at a glass.

But this amongst ourselves. Now for my song—
 Thus roll'd our hero's peaceful days along,
 While free from toil and jealousy and fear
 O'er ev'ry heart he reign'd without compeer
 For him fair Prue forgot her sparrow's cage,
 For him, four finches died of jealous rage,
 And two mild tabbies, fav'rites many a day,
 Sunk in neglect, and pin'd their lives away.

Ah ! who'd have thought, in those delightful hours,
 All spent in cultivating virtue's flow'rs,
 Ah ! who'd have thought there e'er would come a time
 Pregnant with misery, and stain'd with crime,

When this sweet bird, so lov'd, his graces gone,
Should turn a horror for all eyes to shun !

But stop my Muse, the gushing tear restrain,
And leave to future pages to explain
A dismal tale, that hearts of ice would move ;
The hapless fruit of a chaste NUNN'RY's love !

BOOK THE SECOND.

You'll quickly guess, such mistresses to teach,
Our hero soon obtain'd the gift of speech ;
In truth, except at hours of meat, or rest,
Like a true nun, his story never ceas'd :
Yet still 'twas all correct, in tone and look,
And stile, as if the whole were conn'd by book.
No wanton he, like those in window cage
Spoil'd by the schooling of a vicious age ;
By worldly breath corrupted, and their mind
To secular impurities inclin'd ;
Not so—VER-VERT might even a cowl have gain'd,
So pure his soul, so innocently train'd :
No notion ever had he learn'd of ill,
No wicked word had ever past his bill ;

But psalms instead, and anthems not a few,
 And well the "Mythic Dialogues" he knew;
 "Your charity," and "good mother" he could say,
 And "Benedicite," and "let us pray,"
 Nay some of the "Soliloquy" he spoke,
 And sev'ral scraps from "*Mary a la Coque*."

In that wife mansion had he ev'ry aid,
 Which might a willing mind to knowledge lead;
 There many a learned sister might he meet,
 Who, word for word, quite perfect and complete,
 Grav'd on their pious memories, could retain
 All the good Christmas hymns from Charlemain.

Thus form'd; thus train'd, our pupil quickly grew
 Wise as his tutors, and as pious too.
 Ev'n of their tone, a dext'rous mimic, he
 Took off the sweet, slow, whining sanctity;
 The notes so languishing that grac'd their psalms,
 Their dove-like murm'ings, and their holy qualms;
 In short, VER-VERT knew all, both verse and prose,
 For choir or cell, that any sister knows.

Quite too confin'd within a cloister's bound,
 Such merit could not but be trump'd around:

Thro' all Nevers, from morn to eve, there reigns
 No fame, but of the dear delightful scenes,
 That cheer'd the leisure of each happy nun.
 Ev'n from Moulins to see the bird they run—
 Such crowds!—The poor VER-VERT can find no rest!
 Fair Agnes, still in finest kerchief drest,
 Is fix'd to guard and show him. To the crowd
 She points his colours fine, his stature proud;
 His gentle playfulness, his thousand arts
 Of soft endearment gain the gazers hearts.
 But all this beauty, all these winning ways,
 Were but as preludes to his better praise;
 Forgot at once, they vanish'd, when his beak
 Op'ning, th' enchanted audience heard him speak!

'Twas then, his mind well stor'd with scraps devout,
 And holy prettinesses, long drawn out,
 While mute amazement thro' the circle ran,
 Th' illustrious bird his great display began.
 Each instant, varying still, new graces press,
 New charms appear, of person, or address;
 And,—of a public speaker strange to think!
 Not one in all his audience slept a wink;
 What orator could e'er say so before!—
 They praise his language much, his mem'ry more.

He, meantime, quite correct, and all in style,
 Dead to the nothingness of this world's smile,
 Devoutly bridling up, his triumph took
 With the most decent modesty of look.
 At length, his fund of learning all display'd,
 His half-clos'd beak a final cadence made ;
 Then, with a graceful bow on either side,
 His audience he dismiss'd, quite edified !

Except some very little idle prate,
 Learn'd, lord knows where, most likely at the grate,
 Thro' all this exhibition, not a word,
 But elegancies, pick and choice, were heard ;
 Ejaculations pious, heart-fetch'd Oh's,
 N's, length'ned languishingly through the nose ;
 Each word, each accent breath'd, in sense profound,
 The odor of true sanctity around.

Thus liv'd in that delightful hermitage,
 At once its grave director, faint, and sage,
 Father VER-VERT, of many a nun the friend,
 Fat as a monk, and not less reverend ;
 Deep-learn'd as an Abbé ; of talents prov'd,
 Belov'd at once, and worthy to be lov'd ;

Polish'd, bemusk'd, bedizen'd, and becurl'd ;
In short, too blest, had he ne'er seen the world !

But ah ! the hour, the fatal hour draws nigh,
Of glory eclips'd, disgrace and infamy !
O shame ! O guilt ! O horrid tale to write !
Could I but sink it in oblivion's night,
And blot, in pity to the future age,
The fatal voyage, from th' historic page !—
Alas ! what perils wait a shining name !
The torch of glory is a dang'rous flame !
Hear but the tale, you'll own the moral true,
“ Th' obscurest station is the happiest too ;
“ Talents too bright, too flattering success,
“ But mar our morals—and our happiness.”

Thy name, VER-VERT ! and bright perfections, soon
Disdain the praises of a neighb'ring town ;
Fame marks a wider theatre, and chants
Thy charms and glories to the tow'rs of Nantes.
There, a known convent's hallow'd cloisters hold,
Of venerable nuns a sacred fold,

Who, as elfewhere, are feldom found the laft,
To know whate'er is paffing, or has paff.

Thefe, having fwallow'd all that fame could teach,
Of " a great PARROT that was heard to preach,"
Were tempted with a ftrong defire ; in footh
A godly one ;—to fee, and know, the truth.

Defire, in all maids, rages like a fire ;
But, in a nun, it rages ten times higher.
Already to Nevers all hearts were fled,
Already, topfy turvy, ev'ry head
Turn'd, for a PARROT !—On that very night,
To the fuperior at Nevers they write,
To beg her " with her lovely bird to part,
" For a few days, to many a longing heart.
" That down the Loire he might with fafety glide,
" Whence, fondly welcom'd, it fhould be the pride
" Of ev'ry maid who for his prefence pants,
" To make him happy in the cells of Nantes."

The letter goes——but " the dear answer when !"
In twelve days time.—" Oh what an age till then !"

Letter on letter——a new summons flies—
Sleep is no more ; and sister Phœbe dies !

Safe to Nevers at length the letter's sped—
“ A case of weight ! ”—A chapter's held—'tis read—
The bold request excites a gen'ral frown ;
“ What ! lose our bird ?—Oh heav'ns ! our lives as soon !
“ Amongst these tombs, these solitary tow'rs
“ Without VER-VERT how chase the tedious hours ! ”

Thus spoke at least the younger nuns, whose breast
Alive to joy, and tir'd of vacant rest,
Open'd with ease to harmless pleasure's key ;
“ And sure, in justice, 'twas the least, that they,
“ A blooming train, coop'd in a convent's wall,
“ Without one single other toy at all,
“ Might be allow'd one harmless Paroquet
“ To chat an idle minute with ! ”—And yet,
Th' assistant mothers, and each ancient dame,
Whose hearts to love's soft beatings now were tame,
Prudently cool, politically wise,
Saw, thro' their spectacles, with other eyes.
“ To send the bird, these rev'rend maids opin'd,
“ Would be a prudent step, as well as kind :

“ It might contribute much to heal the schism
“ Between them on the score of *Quietism* ;
“ In heav’n’s directing hand the bird might prove
“ A saving instrument ; and *holy love*
“ With all th’ *experiences* its patrons share,
“ Triumphant reign at Nantes, as at Nevers.”

Thus argu’d the wise heads in grave debate ;
And thus decreed the ancient maiden state.

This vote once past, loud murmurs instant swell,
And plaintive sorrow reigns in ev’ry cell :
Quite frantic, sister Seraphina first
Feels her grief rising, and must speak—or burst.
“ Is it then true ! sweet bird, of thee bereft,
“ Say what of joy to us, or life is left !
“ Was it for this, Oh perverse fate ! that I
“ Starv’d my poor cat, and let my linnet fly !
“ For this with daintiest cates my pockets stor’d,
“ And baulk’d my appetite, to swell my hoard !
“ For this each night, each morning, to my breast—”
Tears and a fullen silence spoke the rest.

Thrice in another cell that earthly faint,
The pious mother Sacristina, faint

And speechless, scream'd, and turn'd as pale as death;
 Four sighs succeeded; big sobs choak'd her breath;
 No vent sufficient for her grief she found;
 Nature could hold no longer, and, she swoon'd.

All is in woe! A strange preface of ill
 Clouds the sad voyage—horrid visions fill
 Th' affrighted fancy thro' the womb of night,
 And add new terrors to the morning's light.
 In vain!—the mournful moment comes!—Ev'n now
 The bark stands ready with obverted prow—
 Resolve to part they must; and, fate severe!
 A whole month's tedious absence learn to bear.
 Each forrowing sister now, with cruel art,
 Contrives new anguish to torment her heart;
 Anticipation comes, with magic pow'r
 And paints as present each sad widow'd hour.
 A thousand vain alarms their fancies crowd,
 They hear wind rising, or they see a cloud;
 Cats, careless servants, monkeys, grin around,
 And poor VER-VERT by turns is eat, starv'd, hang'd,
 and drown'd.

How many kisses, in that hour of grief,
 Not such as wont, yet full of soft relief,

Receiv'd VER-VERT ! how many tender fears !
They catch, embrace him, bathe him with their tears ;
The more the moments urge, to rob their arms,
The more they feel his love, and see his charms.

At length, oh fatal truth ! VER-VERT is gone !——
And love with him, and love's disport are flown !
“ Go charmer go ! on glory's pinions borne,
“ But faithful, ah forget not to return !
“ Thee may light zephyrs waft along the wave,
“ While in an hideous calm, still as the grave,
“ Thine exil'd Agnes hides her languid head,
“ Unheard, unseen, unknown, uncomforted !
“ Go charmer go ! but constant, still, and true,
“ Ah think on her who bids this last adieu !
“ So may my lovely bird, where'er he roves,
“ Be worshipp'd as the first-born of the loves !”

Such the farewell a certain sister writ,
Who, scarce so giv'n to godliness as wit,
Had oft, t' amuse and quiet her regrets,
Pray'd in Racine, in private, 'twixt the sheets ;
And would, at once, with all her heart and soul,
To quit the nuns, have follow'd——even an Owl.

But all is over now, VER-VERT's on board.—
 O much lov'd bird, as yet with virtue stor'd,
 As yet untaught one wicked word to found,
 O may thy heart, on its return, be found
 Its innocence and virtue to retain,
 And bear them taintless to these walls again!

But see, the lab'ring boatmen ply the oar,
 And the lash'd wave resounds along the shore!
 The sails are spread; a brisk wind wafts them on;
 See how she lessens! Going! Going!—Gone!

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE same light, frail, and vagrant skiff that bore
 Our holy bird from Nevers' weeping shore,
 Bore also two Gascons, a nurse, a monk,
 Two easy nymphs, and three dragoons quite drunk;
 Choice set, heav'n knows! for a young thing to meet,
 Just callow from a convent's chaste retreat!

Poor innocent VER-VERT, quite at a stand,
 Felt as if dropp'd upon some unknown land ;
 New languages ; new tones ; th' astonish'd bird
 In good sooth could not understand one word !
 No more of pious converse did he hear ;
 No more of Gospel texts salute his ear ;
 Of mental pray'r, of evangelic phrase,
 Such as the vestals taught his early days ;
 Gross words instead, and of no Christian sound ;
 Assault his organs, and his thoughts confound.

First the dragoons, a race not much devout,
 Bandied the tavern's brawling jokes about,
 While, to keep off sea qualms, and thought's restraint,
 They worship Bacchus as their only faint.

Meantime the nymphs perform'd, quite frank and free,
 With the Gascons, a scene of gallantry ;
 A conversation, which in truth bespoke
 Great skill, in both parts, at an *Equivoque*.

On t'other side, with their own boist'rous roar,
 The boatmen curs'd and gib'd, and sung and swore ;
 No minc'd or whisper'd sounds disgrac'd that train ;
 No word lost there for want of speaking plain.

'Midst all this wit, embarrass'd and confus'd,
 VER-VERT preserv'd a silence little us'd ;
 Dejected, timid, all his spirits sink ;
 He knows not what to say, nor what to think.

By chance at last friar Lubin took a freak,
 To rouse the muser, and to hear him speak.
 To this intent, with accents that confess'd
 Not much o'th' monk, our hero he address'd.
 The gentle bird assumes his mildest mien,
 And, sighing in due method from within,
 With tone demurest, "Ave sister !" cries—
 At "Ave" round a peal of laughter flies :
 "Cry mercy confessor !" and "smoke the friar !"
 Resound alternate from the full-mouth'd choir ;
 A butt is found, the gen'ral gibe to guide ;
 They *budger* poor VER-VERT on ev'ry side.

Thus made the jest, the burthen of their song,
 VER-VERT began to think his system wrong ;
 Began to feel he soon must change his note,
 That what pleas'd cells, would never please a boat,
 And that whoe'er would vulgar praise pursue,
 Must learn to speak as those around him do.

A soul high spirited, whose life had been
 Of smiles and sunshine one continued scene,
 Not train'd to bearing, not from pride exempt,
 No wonder, could not stand against contempt.
 By ev'ry tongue with galling gibes assail'd,
 His strength, his fortitude, his patience fail'd.

With patience fled his virtue ; from that time,
 Stain'd with ingratitude, his second crime,
 He curs'd his old instructresses, he curs'd
 Those pious sisters who his youth had nurs'd :
 " Ignorant jades, that had, with all their fuss,
 " Not taught one sentence fit for *one of us*,
 " The strong, the soft, alike to them unknown,
 " The broad plain *nervous*, or the phrase *in ton* !"

To learn these beauties, now are all his pains ;
 He talks but little, but he racks his brains ;
 And first, so shrewd, one might almost have sworn,
 Our reas'ning biped ne'er had feathers worn,
 His new acquirements to receive and hold,
 He finds he must get rid of all the old ;
 Those pious gewgaws that had stuff'd his head—
 'Twas no great task—two days, and all were fled ;

So much he found the language of dragoons
More “ modish, and the thing” than that of nuns.

This groundwork finish’d, this un-learning o’er,
Scarce could you think, or look about, before
That bird so chaste, so modest, in a trice
Is a rude ribald, stain’d with ev’ry vice :
Soon knew he well to curse, and damn and rot,
Like Satan fous’d in holy-water-pot ;
To that fam’d rule a strong exception he,
That greatest crimes are learn’d but gradually,
For he, in sin’s black orders, with a bounce,
Without *noviciate*, stood *profess’d* at once.

Too well he watch’d the boatmen, to forget
One single letter of their alphabet ;
If one of these, seiz’d with a qualm, let fly
A damn—VER-VERT retail’d it instantly :
Then, loud applauded by th’ unholy crew,
Vain and puff’d up with praise so little due,
The mean ambition now was all his whim
Of pleasing those, who were debauching him.
Thus had VER-VERT entirely chang’d his creed,
And grown an “ orator profane” indeed.

While these sad days, these scenes of horror past,
 Say what, ye lovely mourners, fair as chaste,
 What were your lonely thoughts, your silent pray'r,
 Sequester'd in the convent of Nevers !
 No doubt full many a nine day vow was made
 For his return, who ill those vows repaid ;
 For him, th' ingrate ! who now to other chains
 Submitting, spurns at all your pious pains.
 No doubt each access to the convent frown'd
 With all the fullness of grief around ;
 Deserted, tenantless the grate remain'd,
 And, *almost*, silence thro' the mansion reign'd.

Cease, cease your vows ye fair ! VER-VERT no more
 Deserves the place that in your hearts he bore ;
 No more is he that venerable bird
 So orthodox in ev'ry thought and word ;
 'That preacher so for soundest doctrine fam'd,
 Of heart untainted, and of zeal untam'd ;
 But grown, oh how shall I relate it ! grown
 The veriest filthy ribald in the town !
 The wanton winds and water nymphs around
 Have reap'd your harvest, and laid waste your ground !
 Ah ! boast no more his wit's aspiring flight !
 What, without virtue, boots a genius bright !

Th' ingrate has, dead to wounded honour's smart,
Debauch'd, at once, his talents, and his heart !

The skiff however, now approaches Nantes,
Where, with impatience ev'ry sister pants ;
For their desires, too slow each morn arose,
For them too slowly did each ev'ning close :
Hope, meantime, flatt'ring hope, ingenious still
To veil with fancied good each real ill,
Promis'd the maids a cultivated mind,
A Parrot nobly train'd, polite, refin'd ;
Promis'd improving language, accents mild,
Choice sentiments, a tongue precisely fil'd ;
Promis'd, (oh who hope's promises can take !)
A finish'd merit, of a finish'd Rake.

The bark arrives. The cage is brought on shore—
A maid sat watching at the convent's door,
Who ev'ry day since the first letter went,
Had regularly to that stand been sent ;
There her eyes wand'ring o'er the watry waste,
Seem'd still to say, " oh lovely bird make haste !"

The cunning bird, debarking near where stood
Th' attendant Hebe of the veil and hood,

Soon as her prudish eye with lids half shut,
 Her fine stuff gown, her coif of ancient cut,
 Her white gloves, and her little crosses were seen,
 At once guess'd her profession by her mien.
 He shrugg'd up at the sight, and, strange to tell,
En militaire cried, "Damn the prude to hell!"
 Much fonder now on some dragoon to wait,
 Whose vulgar jargon he had learnt to prate,
 Than to go on those holy things once more,
 Which he had studied all in vain before :
 Nuns are become his horror, and he hates
 The very thought of parlors, cells, and grates.

However, when the Fates have once said "go,"
 'Tis vain for angry PARROT to cry "no;"
 So, on the maiden bears him;—vain his arts,
 Vain all the wounds his bill gives, all the smart.
 In truth he bit her well; her neck, some swear,
 Some say, her arm; they don't know rightly where,
 Nor is it much important. Brief to say,
 Not without pain he's borne at last away
 Safe to the convent—they announce his name—
 On ev'ry side quick spreads the growing fame :
 At the first news, the convent-bell is toll'd;
 The nuns were then at vespers; but behold,

Wing'd all at once they quit the choir, and out——
 “ Tis he ! ”—he's in the parlor ! ”——“ past a doubt ! ”
 In swarms they fly ; they burn to have a view ;
 Ev'n the old faints themselves come hobbling too ;
 Of years retarding they've forgot the weight ;
 Their hearts in brisker measures learn to beat ;
 All things grow young ; and, the records allow
 That “ Mother Grace ran for the first time now.”

BOOK THE FOURTH.

AT length, they see the bird. They gaze, admire
 His beauties ; gaze again ; and never tire.
 No wonder, for the rogue, the truth to speak,
 Was not a hair the uglier, tho' a rake ;
 Nay, the bluff soldier-look, and sparkish air,
 Have oft been thought ev'n beauties by the Fair.
 And is it fit, just heav'n, a traitor's front
 Should carry, thus, deceitful graces on't !
 Ah might not some black brand, plac'd full in view,
 Distinguish Cains from Abels, false from true !

To praise the charms that lurk in ev'ry feather,
 All, clitter clatter, all tongues go together ;
 So loud the buzz, that thro' the rattling sky
 Jove's thunders might have past unheeded by.
 He, meantime, 'midst this uproar, without once
 Deigning one pious Ave, one Response,
 Rolls his eyes round with one o'th' modish stares,
 Just as our spruce young Carmelites do theirs.
 The poor nuns blush—a first address so rude
 Gave scandal to the pious sisterhood :
 But this was nothing to what next succeeds ;
 For when the mother prioress, her beads
 Leaving, with faintlike air, in th' *inward man*
 'To commune with our carnal bird began,
 He, carelessly, with a disdainful tone,
 Better in brothels than in convents known,
 In the true blackguard cant, without a pause,
 Or thought of what an horrid phrase it was,
 How dissonant from pious ears and rules,
 My chap cries “ Split me but these nuns are fools.”

Records assure us that 'twas in the boat
 Upon the Loire he learn'd this pretty note ;
 Howe'er it be, the form of his set-out,
 Look'd so suspicious, that it rais'd a doubt

In the chaste Sister St. Augustine's * mind ;—
 To silence him she tries with accents kind,
 And whispers "*Fi donc*, pretty brother, *Fi*!"—
 The "pretty brother" full of mutiny
 And rudeness, his unblushing front uprears,
 And rings a loud "Whores all" thro' both their ears.
 "O holy virgin! mother! He's a witch!"
 Cries out the nun, "Just heav'n! what sort of speech!"
 "The good VER-VERT! the bird of pious fame!"—
 At this VER-VERT like true bred gallows game,
 Apostrophizes her with "Damn your eyes"—
 Each sister in her turn comes up and tries
 To silence this dragoon, but all in vain,
 They get their own, and soon decamp again.
 Vexing the younger prudes with many a scoff,
 He takes their pretty, prattling anger off;
 Still ruder to the crosses, old maids he grows,
 And echoes all their snufflings through his nose;
 But worst of all, when, with a *Corfsair's* roar,
 Sick of th' insipid sisters more and more,
 Enrag'd, at once out rattled from his throat
 All, all the horrid language of the boat,
 Dire blasphemies, oaths, curses not a few,
 In short, all hell brought forward in review;

* Such names are frequently, without distinction of sex, assumed by nuns on taking the veil. St. Ambrose, St. Austin, St. John, &c.

" B's, F's," by dozens vollied from his beak!—
 (The younger sisters thought him speaking Greek;)
 " G—'s Blood!" " The Holy!"—At the dreadful sound
 The grate and all the convent quak'd around!
 Crossing themselves, the nuns, with horror dumb,
 Run out—they think the day of judgment come!
 Quick to the convent's farthest vaults they fly,
 And, (ah who can on pious zeal rely!)
 Chaste Cunigund, a saint ev'n from her youth,
 Falls in her flight, and loses her last tooth!

Th' asylum gain'd, in vain the wrestling fair
 Would exorcise themselves by mental pray'r,
 The horrid chaos of unchristian sounds,
 Breaks on each trance, and ev'ry pray'r confounds.
 In hellish forms the impious words appear
 As if embodied, to their silent fear;
 Before their very eyes, in vision strange
 They seem, and ev'n within their grasp to range!

Thus long time they remain'd, 'twixt murmur'd moans,
 Ejaculated sighs, and echoed groans;
 When, slowly op'ning with sepulchral yawn,
 Thus quiver'd the pale lips of pure St. John:
 " Good heav'ns! chaste Virgin! who has here entic'd
 " This Belial upon earth, this Antichrist!

" Sweet Lady Mother ! 'Tis none other fure !
" None but the fiend could fuch sad words endure !
" *In nomine Patris !* this the boasted blaze
" Of wit ! the preacher fo extoll'd with praife !
" Oh fend the monfter back, and purge the place !"—
" Father of love " replied fage mother Grace
" What horrors !—heav'ns, our fifters of Nevers !
" Is this their Liturgy ! their form of pray'r !
" Is't thus they train up youth ! The heretic !
" Oh pack him off ! fweet Saviour ! fend him quick !
" Let him not enter ! all the devils in hell
" Quick at his heels would ramp thro' ev'ry cell !"

'Tis fix'd, 'tis paft—VER-VERT is cag'd once more ;
" Back to the convent whence he came before,
" Without one fingle moment of delay,
" Th' unfeemly brawler muft be fent away."
Profcib'd, of all immunities fore-priz'd,
Convict, attainted, anathematiz'd,
As " wilfully attempting to enfnare
" And taint the morals of the cloifter'd fair."
All fign th' Arret ; and at the very time
They weep the culprit, they condemn the crime ;
For " oh what pity ! in the flow'r of youth
" To be fo loft to innocence and truth !

“ To bear, beneath a plumage so divine,
“ The manners of the grossest libertine !”

In short, he goes. Borne on the portress' hand,
Joy fills his heart to quit this hated strand ;
No bitings now ; quite happy and serene
He gets on board and sails for home again.

And now, a second course of lectures past,
As learned and improving as the last,
Quite skill'd in brothel courtship, and in all
The nervous language of a tavern brawl,
He shines, the Rochester of feather'd beaux—
But oh what horror ev'ry bosom froze,
When, home return'd, his new-learn'd serenade
Gave grief and scandal to each once-lov'd maid !
When, welcom'd by fair Agnes from abroad,
He bellow'd, “ Z—d's ! a B—h, a B—h, by G—d” ;
And horrid ! in the whole assembled choir,
Ask'd the chaste abbess, “ Hah ! who kiss'd the Friar ?”

All in despair, what could our vestals do !—
Their senses troubled, hearts pierc'd thro' and thro',
In mantles long, veils folded close above,
See, to the chapter room nine mothers move,

Nine rev'rend maidens, prim, demure, and sage,
And each, the hieroglyphick of an age !

There, without chance of any fav'ring vote,
No sifter there to plead, VER-VERT is brought ;
There, in his cage, from ev'ry succour far,
Plac'd, in full court, inglorious, at the bar.

The fatal votes begin ! already two
Sybils have doom'd the death so justly due ;
Two others, less decrepit, not less fair,
Vote that, the traitor's forfeit head to spare,
He be for life transported to the shore
Profane, that him and the black Brachman bore.

However, by a preconcerted plan,
The five last nuns, whose blood still brisker ran,
To chastisement and penance fix his doom ;
First, abstinence for two whole months to come,
Then three months of retreat, of silence, four,
And, 'till this term be fully past and o'er,
Gardens, alcoves, the biscuit and the cell
Are interdicted him by book and bell.

Nor is this all. To brim his bitter cup,
The guard plac'd over him, to mew him up,

And charm him with her soothing converse, is
 Th' Alecto of the convent, a chaste miss
 Of sempiternal years, an hoop-like shape,
 And face that might become a dying ape :
 In short, no penitent could wish to see
 A sight more humbling to mortality.

Such was the Argus fix'd by doom severe
 Our culprit's guard ; yet, spite of all her care,
 The lovely sisters, at spare hours, would oft
 Come to bewail his fate in accents soft,
 Such as might well his drooping heart restore.—
 Rosalia chief, when matin pray'rs were o'er,
 Oft to his cell the ripest fruits would bear,
 Sit by his cage, and weep his exile there.

But ah, sweet freedom lost, what joy remains !
 What gifts, what tears can sooth a wretch in chains !
 Cover'd with shame, instructed by distress,
 Or, of his keeper's converse choosing less,
 The contrite bird acknowledges his fault,
 And monks, dragoons, and boatmen are forgot.

To penitence, amendment soon succeeds,
 No canon now can better tell his beads ;

In ave's, in responses, never out
 Meek in demeanor, and in look devout;
 The sifter goaler joys to find his tone
 Become the perfect echo of her own;
 And th' old divan, of his new life assur'd,
 Disarm their vengeance, and absolve the bird.

And now the day of his return draws nigh,
 To the fair nuns, before, a day of joy;
 Now love, on silver thread, prepares to file
 (Beads costlier far than pearl!) each gentle smile
 Destin'd that dear, that favour'd hour to bless,
 And each soft instant given to tenderness.

O Love how blind! O joys that mock the grasp!
 Delusive flow'rs, that hide the pois'nous asp!
 The cells were hung with garlands; coffee made;
 Music, a cold collation, lemonade;
 All, in sweet tumult, like the eve of Troy,
 Express'd the charming warmth of youthful joy,
 But nought announc'd the woes that lurk'd behind—
 Ah cruel sisters, why would you be kind!—
 From the cold bosom of a fortnight's fast
 Passing to lux'ry with too giddy haste,
 Tempted on all sides with a thousand lures,
 Cramm'd up with sugar, burn'd with hot liqueurs,

New piles of sweets while zealous sisters raise,
 A sudden qualm our hero's look betrays !
 Sick, sick to death he reels, and, toppling o'er
 A mount of comfits, falls to rise no more !

In vain the weeping sisters strive to stay
 His flitting soul, and his last sigh delay ;
 Their cares, o'eracted, but urge on his fate ;
 Of tend'rest love the victim fortunate,
 In pleasure's very bosom he expir'd,
 And, his last, dying words, they all admir'd.

The queen of loves, closing herself his eyes,
 Quick to Elysium with her darling flies ;
 There, in the sacred grove, 'midst many a bow'r,
 Where prate the hero paroquets of yore,
 She ranks VER-VERT with him whose fabled shade
 Corinna's lover has illustrious made.

But ah ! what strength of language can reveal
 The sad regrets our widow'd vestals feel !
 His fate the sister secretary wrote,
 And sent in letter circular about ;
 'Twas thence the bard transcrib'd th' eventful page.—
 To hand their hero down to future age

His portrait oft was taken from the life ;
 Full many a fair in amiable strife
 Engag'd, with paint and broid'ry's art have strove,
 Nor vain their toil, to eternize their love ;
 While grief, with tears around each picture strown,
 Has added paint and broid'ry of her own.

Each fun'ral honour that the Muses pay
 To birds renown'd was lavish'd on his clay ;
 Beneath a myrtle which in constant bloom
 Still shades the sacred spot, they rear'd his tomb.
 There, by some tender Artemisia's hand
 Within a flow'ry wreath these verses stand,
 Engrav'd on porph'ry, in gold letters deep ;
 And sisters still go there to read and weep.
 " Ye novices, who 'midst these bow'ring trees
 " Unknown to th' old ones, come to chirp at ease,
 " One instant, if you can, your strains suspend,
 " And to our sorrow's woful tale attend !
 " Alas, you can't ! too irksome silence grows,
 " Speak then, but ah, speak only of our woes !
 " One black, black line may all our sorrows limn,
 " Here lies VER-VERT,—and ev'ry heart with him !"
 To end our tale. 'Tis said our hero's mind
 No more within the silent tomb confin'd,

On immaterial wings has taken flight,
And kindly deign'd among his nuns to light;
That there, from age to age, from miss to miss,
Borne in a constant metempsychosis,
Th' immortal PARROT to his former friends
His *genius* and his *eloquence* extends.

(221)

THE

G O L D E N A G E.

A N I D Y L L I U M.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. GRESSET.

By N.

DELIGHTFUL days ! from anguish free,
With which the youthful world was crown'd ;
O say by what severe decree,
In verse alone your joys are found.

Your soft delights, exempt from care,
Now swell our breasts with useless sighs ;
Like the lov'd portrait of some fair
That's lost for ever to our eyes.

The earth was then as rich as gay,
And all at once her treasures bore;
And join'd the flow'rs of endless May,
With endless Autumn's richer store.

The world one rural scene appear'd,
Where each man own'd the shepherd's name,
While in their tents was yet unheard
The servant's or the sov'reign's claim.

While in that independence plac'd,
That still equality bestows,
Then freely ev'ry man could taste
The same abundance, same repose.

Their roofs were branches interwove,
Their richest carpets, tender grass;
Their temple was the tallest grove,
The flow'ry turf their altar was.

Oft then the Gods on earth appear'd,
For vice was then on earth unknown;
Gods whose thunders scarce were heard,
Whose pow'r was by their goodness shewn.

No daring crime did earth molest,
No pang severe did man endure ;
No tyrant passions rul'd the breast,
Ev'ry pleasure then was pure.

Imposture, error, and deceit,
You had not then your poison shed ;
And man, too humble for conceit,
Was then by Nature's dictates led.

Then order reign'd o'er all mankind,
Like heav'n the sylvan scene was sway'd ;
Man was the creature God design'd,
He reason'd less, and more obey'd.

No Areopagus was then,
No famous Capitol was found ;
But, were they not the wisest men,
Since all their hours with bliss were crown'd ?

Unknown to them that toil severe,
Which now exhausts man's feeble pow'rs ;
The social arts were all their care,
And they employ'd the gliding hours.

From their amusements soft, refin'd,
First music caught the notes she sang :
And from the vigor of their mind,
Rhyme and poetic numbers sprang.

Unfelt in those delightful days,
Or vain desires, or deep distress :
Hope, that the feeble mind betrays,
Or long remorse for short-liv'd bliss.

Then int'rest had not plough'd the main,
Nor giv'n to war and ravage birth ;
Nor dar'd she then for metals strain
The bowels of the lab'ring earth.

Swains, to their native fields confin'd,
Wish'd not for other fields or skies ;
But the last view their sight resign'd,
Was that which charm'd their op'ning eyes.

Possessing all the charms of truth,
Bound by the ties that most engage ;
In guiltless pleasure past their youth,
In soft tranquillity their age.

Death, which now comes as swift as thought,
They saw approach with footsteps slow,
And never did a culprit's fault
Accelerate his painful blow.

Each day beheld their sportive plays,
In tuneful song where shepherds strove,
The prize, some fav'rite fair one's praise,
The triumph was adjudg'd by Love.

This shepherd God, to virtue true,
Had then no bandage on his eyes,
By judgment sped, his arrows flew,
And never caus'd but guiltless sighs.

No daring crime, no trembling fear,
Before him as precursors trod;
Nor did remorse, repentant tear,
Or sick disgust pursue the God.

Those gentle fair were then too wise,
The paths of learning to pursue;
To do their duty, charm all eyes,
Was all they wish'd, was all they knew.

Their toilette was some mossy stone,
The crystal stream the glafs supplied,
While the jonquille and rose new-blown
Was all their finery and pride.

In simple robes the fair appear'd,
Not then by luxury undone,
And from the snowy flock she rear'd,
Each maid her simple habit spun.

To guard her flock was all her care,
Rewarded by their sportive play ;
Nor ever did the watchful fair
Leave them alone to careless Tray.

Oh happy joys of Nature's reign !
Adorn'd with equity and peace ;
When will you all return again,
Or wherefore did you ever cease ?

Oh happy fate of virtuous swains !
Of swains no more the happy fate :
The wretched tenants of our plains,
No longer now enjoy this state.

But what illusions fill my head,
Could there exist so fair a scene ?
Of all the authors we have read,
Say has there one eye-witness been.

In all who paint these charming days,
I find complaints and vain regret ;
And whilst its sweet delights they praise,
Lament that they have liv'd too late.

For with her earliest shepherd's blood
Was stain'd the bosom of the earth ;
And she has since the crime pursued,
By giving various evils birth.

We need not mourn our grand-fires times,
Since none this GOLDEN AGE have known ;
For ev'ry age has felt man's crimes,
And ev'ry age has heard him groan.

E L E G Y.

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. GRESSET.

By THE SAME.

LOV'D Muse, obedient to my call be found,
Come, sooth my griefs, which none but you have known;
And pardon if, while pleasure smiles around,
I tune thy lyre to deep regret alone.

Than Philomel more tenderly I feel,
Like her, with plaintive notes salute the spring;
Like her, from noise and busy crowds I steal,
In the deep silence of these woods to sing.

These shores are warm'd by golden suns in vain,
In vain the springing corn, the flow'rets rise;
Not ev'n this Tempe, this Idalian plain
Can, like my COUNTRY, charm my longing eyes.

In silent grief four springs have past away,
Far from those scenes where fancy loves to roam;
While tender thoughts too busily display,
The tedious distance between me and home.

Must the remembrance I so highly prize,
Instead of soft'ning, but increase my pain?
Oh no! for fancy ever friendly flies
To those lov'd seats for which I look in vain.

Why should I then the soft illusion mourn,
That seems to place me where I wish to rove—
'Tis my sole pleasure, since by fortune torn
From scenes of early friendship, early love.

Still dear to man the place that gave him birth,
Review'd with rapture, with regret resign'd;
The wildest region of the savage earth
Has still some charm that suits the native's mind.

The wretch, o'er Afric's burning sands who roves,
Or wanders over Zembla's endless snows,
Would feel less happy in our fruitful groves,
Where Zephyrs wanton, and where Phœbus glows.

Say, would the peasant in his lonely cot,
Sad heir to pain and misery severe,
Without this charm endure his hopeless lot,
A lot, which habit and this charm endear.

The thirst of knowledge, or the thirst of gain,
Or whim, or folly may induce to roam :
But still, in foreign climes, we look in vain
For half the beauties of our native home.

Where'er we turn, whatever scenes we view,
Our cherish'd COUNTRY still excites the sigh ;
The patriot passion, like our shadow, true,
Attends our life, nor quits us when we die.

And, if condemn'd to breathe our dying sighs
Far from the shades which heard our infant moan,
To that dear land we turn our closing eyes,
For that breathe out our last, expiring groan.

Thither we beg our ashes may be borne,
Unwilling they should mix with foreign earth ;
Such thy wish, Ovid, when by Cæsar torn
From thy dear country and thy social hearth :

'Twas your last prayer, as you expiring lay,
To bear your ashes to the Roman coasts,
Lest, exil'd ev'n in death, your shade should stray,
A wretched wand'rer among Scythian ghosts.

Happy the man, who, o'er Atlantic seas
Returns to home, to his paternal seat;
And wisely consecrates to tranquil ease,
And social bliss, his hardly earn'd retreat :

But happier he, who wisely lives at home,
Who rests contented with his native shore ;
And, when the period of his days is come,
Finds the same tomb his fathers found before.

Those, whom their fix'd and tranquil fates ordain
To dwell among the shades which gave them birth,
Possess a treasure I would die to gain,
Nor know its rare, invaluable worth :

Perhaps complain, that they are thus confin'd
To one dull, tedious scene, however fair ;
But one years absence would inform their mind
Of man's warm passion for his native air.

Ulysses chose, before Calypso's smile,
Immortal joy and manhood's lasting bloom,
To rule his desert court and native isle ;
Then sink a mortal to Laertes' tomb.

This from that warm and gen'rous passion rose,
That binds us to the place that gave us breath,
Which on the soul an energy bestows,
That bears disgrace and triumphs over death.

Source of those daring, those immortal deeds,
Which throw such lustre on th' historic page ;
Whose worth sublime almost our belief exceeds,
And strike with wonder each admiring age.

From this Achilles' lofty valour sprang,
And this gave Dædalus the wings to fly ;
'Twas this inspir'd the verse that Homer sang,
And this bade Curtius, Decius, Codrus die,

How then could stoics boast to have resign'd,
From proud caprice, the land that gave them birth ;
And, self-exil'd, inflate their empty mind
With the vain sound of " Denizens of earth."

Tho' the Lyceum echo with their fame,
Tho' folly lift these madmen to the sky,
Indignant reason still denies their claim,
Who ev'ry feeling of the soul belie.

If Nature dies by thy severe decree,
Wisdom, I hate thy stern, delusive art ;
Unhappy must that senseless mortal be,
Who gives for wisdom's name—a feeling heart.

Dear native shores, and ever smiling plains,
Which rigid fate ordains me not to view,
Ah ! shall I never break the hated chains
That now detain me from myself and you !

And shall I never rove my native hills,
And drink with gladsome eye a scene so fair ;
Or taste, when sinking under nature's ills,
The panacea of my native air.

May I not hope that heav'n will bless my toil,
That those lov'd scenes I may at length behold,
And taste, reposing in my native soil,
The charms and virtues of an age of gold.

THE
P L E A S U R E S
OF A
C O U N T R Y L I F E.
AN EXERCISE.
By THE SAME.

LET the young soldier joy in martial toils,
The hero's glory and the conqu'ror's spoils ;
In regal cares ambitious minds delight,
The star and ribband catch the courtier's fight ;
Let scholars doat on scientific lore,
The miser, on his heaps of uselefs ore ;
In the gay dance let lively foplings shine,
But be the sweets of country quiet mine :
There let me, blest with innocence and ease,
Glide calmly thro' the remnant of my days.

No bitter passions there disturb our rest,
No false illusions fascinate the breast ;

His blood-stain'd sword no well-bred ruffian draws,
 No fav'rite footman tramples on the laws ;
 There no mock patriot strains his craving throat,
 Till golden lectures teach him how to vote :
 No daring infidel derides his God,
 Yet trembles at the willow's moon-light nod ;
 No witness, brib'd to soder up its flaws,
 Are train'd by lawyers to support your cause ;
 No rakes a virgin's innocence betray,
 Or jest her spotless character away ;
 Nor no bold fair, forgetful of their sex,
 With manly modes the dubious mind perplex ;
 Or, freely chatting on each rakish theme,
 Resign of women the much-injur'd name ;
 No learned maid, of wit and talents proud,
 Harangues with polish'd phrase the list'ning croud ;
 Decides on ethics, politics, and plays,
 With equal judgment, and with equal ease ;
 While all around behold, with scornful dread,
 The awful wisdom of a feather'd head :
 No villains fatten on their blasted name,
 No matrons triumph in their loss of fame ;
 No vice, no folly there excites our spleen,
 But all is decent, natural and serene.

There all the joys that smiling nature yields,
 The balmy fragrance of enamell'd fields ;

The healthful riches of Pomona's stores,
 The sweet profusion of successive flow'rs,
 The glowing landscape, and the cooling gale,
 The sunny hillock and the shady vale;
 There smiling health, there innocence abide,
 And blushing modesty, unknown to pride;
 There rev'rend age the lengthen'd tale relates,
 And all the pleasures of its youth repeats;
 Secur'd by innocence, there healthful youth
 Enjoys each bliss that has its source in truth;
 The jocund labor of the rising sun,
 The two-string'd fiddle when the work is done;
 The happy choir of village maidens gay
 To hail the rising of the new-born May:
 Oh! how superior to a birth-night train
 The rustic robes of ev'ry nymph and swain,
 When in their simple finery they come
 To celebrate an happy harvest-home.

Nor yet less healthful to the human soul
 In rural leisure do our moments roll:
 Beneath the coverts of the dusky grove
 Eccentric genius loves, unseen, to rove;
 Or to the summit of yon mount to run,
 And catch the beauties of the rising sun;

Or, slowly wand'ring by the tranquil sea,
 View the last blushes of departing day ;
 Or else with toil the craggy cliff to gain,
 That hangs terrific o'er the foaming main ;
 And while the angry tempests roar around,
 He hears the voice of music in the sound ;
 In the keen flash beholds fair pleasure's form,
 And courts bright beauty in a thunder storm,

And Contemplation, solitary maid,
 May walk conceal'd beneath the rural shade ;
 May ope each science, ev'ry art unfold,
 Correct our ignorance, our manners mould :
 Dispel our doubts, our prejudices clear,
 And teach us truth and nature to revere.
 Or, turning from the mind to moral faults,
 May calm the madness of distracted thoughts ;
 May bid the shades of each past hour arise,
 And set our vices full before our eyes ;
 Alarm our bosoms with an holy fear,
 And kindly urge the penitential tear ;
 Our hearts may hallow to receive that grace
 Which sheds around the healing dews of peace ;
 And with full knowledge of our sins forgiv'n,
 Bid us look up with confidence to Heav'n.

C O N T E N T,

By THE SAME,

BENEATH a rock, whose steep and craggy brow
Hangs shelving o'er a deep and murm'ring stream,
From whose green sides the trees impending grow,
And form a shelter for the noon-tide beam ;

Retir'd from noise I loiter'd hours away,
In idle thought where happiness is found ;
Whether she lives among the young and gay,
Or with the painful tiller of the ground.

Does she, cried I, in courts delight to dwell,
Or does she wander o'er the smiling mead ;
Say, is she found within the hermit's cell,
Or does she loiter in the laurel shade ?

Does she repay the statesman's studious toils,
Or the poor miser's, grown with watching pale;
Is she attracted with the hero's spoils,
Or do the charms of eloquence prevail?

Is she attendant at the fair one's side,
Do beauty's radiant eyes compel her stay;
Or in the arms of soft, luxuriant pride
Does she, delighted, revel life away?

Lives she with rich or poor, the fool or wise,
Or flies she from them all with hasty tread;
And quite regardless of poor mortals cries,
Is she for aye with heav'n-born justice fled?

Lo! as I spake, a heav'nly form appear'd,
Possess'd of ev'ry charm, each female grace;
A winning smile the beauteous maid endear'd,
Her looks were modest, and compos'd her pace.

In her right hand an olive branch she bore,
To charm unruly passions into peace;
Around her waist the radiant zone she wore,
Wove by the hand of each engaging Grace.

Her robe was blue, and floated in the air,
Roses and myrtles twining round her head ;
Wreath'd in the flowing ringlets of her hair,
And all around a balmy fragrance shed.

With pleasing wonder I beheld the maid,
At ev'ry look a lighter beauty sprung :
When thus with smiles the dove-eyed fair one said,
And more than music melted on her tongue.

“ In vain you seek for happiness on earth,
“ Not made for man, she cannot here be gain'd ;
“ Enthron'd in heav'n before creation's birth
“ There, and there only can she be attain'd :

“ But heav'n, in pity to man's various woe,
“ Bade me from yonder azure sky descend ;
“ I came well-pleas'd to fix my throne below,
“ And hop'd, that man would fly to meet his friend.

“ But he, unknowing of his present state,
“ Accuses heav'n, as partial or unkind ;
“ Nor knows, the happiness he asks of fate,
“ Is lodg'd the dreary gates of death behind.

“ And thus, wide wand’ring from his destin’d end,
“ He seeks each toy capricious whims present;
“ Rejects with scorn his heav’n-descended friend,
“ Unblest with happiness, he spurns CONTENT.

“ Should the poor traveller, who walks the plain,
“ When Phœbus sets beneath the western skies,
“ Reject the shelt’ring cottage with disdain,
“ And hope at hand to find the palace rise;

“ And by the devious gloom of night betray’d,
“ Far distant wander from his destin’d way;
“ And find no place to shade his hapless head,
“ Constrain’d on earth his weary limbs to lay:

“ Reason must own the justice of his woe,
“ And view his folly with contempt and scorn;
“ So fares the man who seeks for bliss below,
“ He wanders thus unhappy and forlorn.

“ But thou” she cried, “ of humble soul possess,
“ Of placid spirits, joy conferring health,
“ Blest in maternal love, in friendship blest,
“ Riches beyond an eastern monarch’s wealth;

“ Oh ! do not thou ungratefully despise
“ The various blessings which thy God bestows ;
“ Convinc’d ’tis wisdom only that denies,
“ And that from goodness all his bounty flows.

“ But, with enliven’d gratitude, receive,
“ Or with meek penitence, resign’d, sustain
“ Each blessing which his wond’rous love shall give,
“ Each punishment his justice shall ordain.

“ And thus a brighter gem shalt thou possess,
“ Than lies within the gift of wealth or fame ;
“ With all my peace I will thy bosom bless,
“ Virtue my parent, and CONTENT my name.

“ Follow where truth and virtue lead thy way ;
“ For know, by rank and station unconfined,
“ Thro’ Nature’s empire unrestrain’d I stray,
“ And live an inmate of the virtuous mind.”

TO

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, FELLOW OF THE LITERARY
AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PERTH, AND HONORARY MEMBER
OF THE ETRUSCAN ACADEMY OF CORTONA : ON READING HIS HIS-
TORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS.—MARCH 27th, 1789.

BY SAMUEL WHYTE, Esq.

WITH deep research and penetrating eyes,
While you pervade the shades where science lies,
And, vers'd in ancient and historic lore,
The manly records of our fires explore,
Their customs, manners, habits, language trace,
To truth add lustre and to wisdom grace,
The hidden treasures of Times past unfold
And even their very dross transmute to gold ;

R

While thus, when crowds, at time and health's expence,
 Provoke derision, you exalt your sense,
 The veil of dark antiquity remove,
 Our minds irradiate and our taste improve,
 And, fill'd with patriot zeal, the deeds rehearse
 Of chieftains mighty and renown'd in verse,
 I, to a Bard's great name who can't aspire,
 Smit with congenial feelings touch the lyre ;
 Call'd forth by thee my voice impartial raise,
 Less to record than testify thy praise ;
 Thy own rich page, from imperfection free,
 Embalms thy fame and needs no aid from me.

Oh ! had I leisure for the bold design,
 And talents, ample as the theme, were mine,
 Not thy bright name alone, the charter'd band
 That blest with learning's beams their native land,
 And gave her claim among the nations birth,
 The last in effort tho' not least in worth,
 Should all, if minstrelsy distinction give,
 While truth with merit dwells, applauded live.
 But worn with toil and circumscrib'd in time,
 Ill suits my lot the laurel'd haunts of rhyme.
 Tho' fancy sometimes flutt'ring on the wing,
 Tempts my rash hand the soothing harp to string,

In ceaseless tumults each vibration drown'd,
Emits, if any, but a feeble sound.
Some happier genius hence, for song admir'd,
May catch the hint, and, as of old inspir'd,
To distant ages make the worthies known,
And with his country's glory fix his own.—
Here all my hopes and my ambition end,
Suffice it me to be approv'd thy friend.

THE
R E M O N S T R A N C E,

TO THREE YOUNG LADIES, WHO DECLARED THEMSELVES DYING, AND
INSISTED UPON SOME VERSES TO THEIR MEMORY.

By THE SAME.

FOR God's fake, dear ladies, how can you impose,
A task of this nature on me?
'Tis clear, past a doubt, and what every one knows,
I hold not the Muses in fee.

I have courted them sometimes, 'tis true, but in vain,
They ne'er would indulge my request;
They mock'd my addressees; derided my pain,
And turn'd all my prayers to a jest.

The subject too, truly ! supposing you dead
An Elegy I must indite !

The town would all swear, I was turn'd in my head ;
The town, at least, once would be right.

But grant me dispos'd with your wish to agree,
I deal not in fiction nor art ;
How then should I furnish description for three,
Where each is supreme in desert ?

Of Goddesses, Graces, and many such more
Trite fancies 'twere easy to speak ;
And roses, and lillies, and dimples good store,
And Cupids bedecking each cheek.

The sex, tho' I stripp'd, as most sonneteers do,
And all in your persons combin'd ;
Tho' I, and some others, might feel it full true,
Yet you would continue still blind.

Admit now, sweet NANCY's* perfections I sung,
What more could for FANNY† be writ ?
And JENNY‡ thy praises must die on my tongue,
Unless I could borrow thy wit.

* Miss Ann Trench, now Mrs. Cobb.

† Miss Nugent, the late honourable Mrs. Rochfort.

‡ Miss Trench.

'Mongst brothers and beauties, affection is rare,
All ages and nations attest ;
And concord and friendship, this let me declare,
Here mutually glow in each breast.

Long, blessing and blest then, O ! may you survive,
Still greater enjoyments to prove ;
New pleasures from yours, my fond heart shall derive,
Then take me a fourth in your love.

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. GARDINER,

AFTER THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH, PERFORMED
IN MR. GARDINER'S THEATRE IN THE PHOENIX
PARK, ON MONDAY THE 26th AND WEDNESDAY
THE 28th JANUARY, 1778.

YOU all seem pleas'd, I read it in your eyes;
Then sure my heart with yours must sympathize;
Yet we, who strive to please you, have our fears;
Will none, who like the play, condemn the play'rs?
Will no severer tongue our sports arraign,
And call this new-rai'd mansion Folly's Fane,
No souls sublime, who virtue's paths pursue,
From Whist to Quinze, and from Quadrille to Loo,
Laugh at our weakness for preferring still,
Shakespeare to Pam, and Jonson to Spadille?

Those nicer minds who blame the moral stage,
 Do they prefer the pleasures of the age?
 Parties and Routs, Ball-*paré*, Ball-*masqué*,
 Rotundas, Operas, Concerts, and—stay, stay,
 Festinos and Ridottos and what not—
 The Fantocini, I almost forgot.

For my part now, I own, I can't divine,
 Why these are thought so very, very fine:
 For instance now a ROUT—none here but knows it—
 The whole town cramm'd in two rooms and a closet,
 Where fullen dowagers and ancient beaux
 Rail o'er their cards and almost come to blows;
 Where effenc'd fops shed nonsense and perfume,
 And silent misses glide from room to room;
 Where smart coquettes their tow'ring plumage shew,
 And puny lovers wonder from below.
 But chief the macaroni strikes our eyes;
 His foot conceal'd beneath his buckle lies,
 And fatten, half an ell, his coat supplies;
 Whisp'ring some fair, in tones so soft and sweet,
 What might be posted in the public street;
 "Lord! how Miss Bab is dress'd, she's quite a fright;
 "Sestini acted vastly well last night;"

Then close into her ear he thrusts his nose,
“ I swear you’ve got the prettiest suit of cloaths.”—

Oh ! but a BALL—a BALL’s all fire and spirit—
There are, to whom the supper has its merit ;
As for the rest—the misses meet at seven—
Our male and female fops lounge ’till eleven ;
Then in they saunter, tir’d and bor’d to death,
“ Lord ! who can dance ! it puts one out of breath ;
“ Bless me ! what rude fatigue ! ’tis horrid sure !”
No, to be manly now ’tis quite *Vielle Cour*—
They now in minute flow must glide along,
Or amble in the mazy cotillon.

But hark ! I think I hear some frantic fair,
Thus call her fav’rite genius from her sphere :
“ Come then in party colour’d robe arrayed,
“ Goddess, yclep’d of mortals, Masquerade ;”
Give me to dance the motley crew among,
And see what ne’er was read in fable song :
And lo ! the pantomimic scenes arise,
Bears, witches, ladies, devils, and goose-pics ;
“ I know you pretty mask”—“ you don’t”—“ I do,”
“ I know that sparkling eye”—“ not you”—“ not you.”—

'Tis passing strange, that thus your fancies hit,
Noise without mirth, and laughter without wit ;
In times like these will you the hand accuse,
That rears a temple to the mourning muse ;
That sweet enchantress, who with magic power,
Can fill the vacant, charm the studious hour,
Can give to Fancy's work a blaze more bright,
Or Reason's steady lamp, feed with new light ;
Will you the well intended act despise,
Which by amusement, courts you to be wise ?

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L I N E S,

SENT WITH

A S I L K E N P U R S E,

T O

A L A D Y.

THE AUTHOR HAVING BEEN REQUESTED TO WRITE THEM
BY THE YOUNG LADY WHO WROUGHT IT.

By F***** B*****, Esq.

COULD my fond wishes sterling worth impart,
Or e'en my pen keep pace but with my heart;
This slender gift no empty one should prove,
Nor should this paper only speak my love.
But riches rise 'midst rank and thorny cares,
Whose fruits are captives groans and widows tears,

With desp'rate hand Oppression plucks and tastes,
 And verdant vallies change to fearful wastes.
 Urg'd by his thirst for gain, the maniac raves,
 O'er drifted desarts and o'er howling waves,
 Stains with fraternal blood the polar snow,
 Then on himself repeats th' avenging blow.—
 As o'er these countless ills I anxious thought,
 Sigh'd as I work'd and ponder'd what I wrought,
 Angelic goodness rising to my view,
 Dispell'd my fears and seem'd to point towards you.
 With you she said " this Purse could ne'er contain
 The orphan's portion or the miser's gain,
 But as coy fortune should encrease your store,
 You'd grace her gifts and share them with the poor."

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L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

A L A D Y,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

By THE SAME.

To soothe a parent's anguish, heal her grief,
To give the aching heart a fond relief;
The sadd'ning muse, to dirge first tun'd the lyre,
Her bosom glowing with poetic fire ;
In artless numbers taught the verse to flow,
Responsive still, it echo'd human woe :
Through the long aisle the pealing anthem wrung,
And Sorrow list'ning o'er each cadence hung ;
Softened by ev'ry note the throbbing breast
Forgot each care, and sigh'd itself to rest.—

O! could my feeble strains the charm impart,
 To calm regret, and lull the recent smart,
 With some mild opiate ev'ry pang assuage,
 And tear from mem'ry, her recording page:
 Where the mild lustre of Matilda's youth,
 Her spotless innocence, un sullied truth,
 Live still impress'd—how vain the anxious pray'r,
 To quell a sigh or dry the bursting tear;
 Too well I know, too sadly have I prov'd,
 What 'tis to mourn the object we have lov'd;
 To view the op'ning morn, the rising day,
 Yet never feel, from hope, one gladsome ray;
 And when, at night, the cheery sun went down,
 And Mis'ry hop'd in sleep, her cares to drown,
 Stretch'd on despair's fell couch, the restless mind
 Nor sleep nor lost tranquillity could find.

Bless'd with the choicest gift that heav'n could lend,
 A Brother's love enrich'd the name of friend:
 'Twas late I saw him deck'd with ev'ry charm,
 His generous soul with many virtues warm;
 Saw worth, saw honour o'er his features play:
 The glorious promise of a future day.
 Yet could not these, from death's fell empire save,
 Or shield such virtue, from th' untimely grave.

Cease then with tears, to bathe Matilda's urn,
Or vainly wish, a Seraph to return ;
In early bloom, in life's fair orient dawn,
E'er yet her virtues, to the world were known,
* Angelic goodness saw, her soul approv'd,
And snatch'd the heav'nly virtues that it lov'd.

* Ingenium aspexit Numen nitidamque Juventem
Formam et ætheream corripuitque sibi.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN IN THE

MOSS-HOUSE AT AVON-DALE,

THE SEAT OF

SAMUEL HAYES, Esq.

BY THE SAME.

SWITZERS may fondly boast their lakes and woods,
Their lawns—o'erhanging rocks and headlong floods,
Where icy shackles, cramp the vernal bloom,
And doubling echoes, holla thro' the gloom;
Thy verdant groves—sweet Avon-dale! may claim
As just a title to the Muses theme;
Thy darkling glens, as deep an umbrage shade,
Such penfive murmurs echo thro' thy glade;

E'en on thy brow, as wild an horror reigns,
And sure thy meadows, emulate their plains :
Here where thy poet fits—his humble throne
This rustic bench—beneath,—the surging foam,
Each varied grace, which taste and nature give,
Tell him, that Avon's dales, in song should live ;
Call for some tribute lines, to HAYES's worth,
Who out of native rudeness, taste call'd forth.

(260)

TO
MISS W H Y T E,

ON HER PERFORMANCE OF

A N N A,

IN THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS,

GIVEN AT A PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT, BY

L A D Y B O R R O W E S.

BY MRS. L E F A N U*,

WHO PERFORMED THE CHARACTER OF LADY RANDOLPH.

ANNA, lovely ANNA, hear
Praise adapted to thy ear,
Not such as venal Flatt'ry's tongue
To the rich and great has sung ;
Nor yet Love's insidious praise
That's meant your vanity to raise ;

* Eldest sister of the celebrated member for Stafford, R. B. Sheridan,
Esq.

Nor the promiscuous many's voice,
 Devoid of taste, devoid of choice.
 Far other approbations mine—
 The offering shan't disgrace the shrine :
 While I to friendship tribute pay
 Truth shall dignify the lay :
 With timid grace approach dear maid
 In nature's loveliest ease array'd,
 Thy eyes with modest lustre beaming
 Feeling and sense beyond all seeming.
 As poor Matilda's mournful fate
 With tenderest pity you relate,
 In accents sad and soft and flow,
 Expressive of your heart-felt woe,
 Let Judgment's critic eye run o'er
 Your face and figure, and explore
 The nameless graces you display
 The sentiments your looks convey ;
 Judgment will own she must approve
 What ev'ry feeling heart must love.

L I N E S

WRITTEN BY

MR. H E A D L E Y,

SON OF THE LATE REV. MR. HEADLEY, OF NORTH WALSHAM, IN
NORFOLK, DURING HIS ILLNESS.

SICKNESS, I yield to thy subduing sway ;
A livid paleness o'er each feature steals ;
Wildly irregular my pulses play,
And all my frame a listless languor feels.

How chang'd, how alter'd, from my former plight,
When youthful vigor ev'ry sinew strung ;
And fancy wing'd a bold, excursive flight,
And notes of rapture warbled on my tongue.

The dreams of pleasure which I then pursued,
No more shall lure me with their splendid guise ;
Nor shall my love of fame be hence review'd,
For sickness yields not to the great or wise.

'The frowns of censure, and the smiles of praise,
And all that fortune, or that fate decree,
The same indiff'rence in my bosom raise;
For all, alas, is vanity to me.

Ev'n the sweet converse of the nymph I love,
Of late so pleasing, now disgusts mine ear;
And should an Angel whisper from above,
His fine-ton'd accents I could scarcely bear.

No med'cine mix'd with Æsculapian art
Can raise my spirits, or assuage my pain,
For life's warm tide scarce issues through my heart,
And slowly creeps along each circling vein.

Where'er by chance these weary eye-balls stray,
O'er yon fair mirror, to its office true,
My meagre form I shudder to survey,
And almost doubt if 'tis myself I view.

Dim are these eyes which once refulgent shone,
And faint the throbbings of this aching breast:
My falt'ring voice has lost its wonted tone,
And all my sorrows are by sighs express'd.

Few are the transports I can hope to share,
While here a ling'ring victim I remain ;
Anticipation heightens my despair,
And retrospection sharpens ev'ry pain.

The sports of youth in which I once partook,
Alas, no more, th' approving smile can wake ;
On ev'ry scene I cast a heedless look,
Nor know but that may be the last I take.

Alike regardless of my friends and foes,
I wait the dawning of the awful hour,
Which to affliction brings a welcome close,
And lifts the soul above misfortune's pow'r.

Then when exempt from each terrestrial tie,
My trembling spirit wings the field of space ;
Congenial souls may quit their native sky,
And smiling bear me to the throne of grace!

E V A N D E R ' S

LAMENTATION OVER

P A L L A S.

HOW oft, O Priam, have I mourn'd thy fate,
When to redeem the body of thy son
You kiss'd the crimson hands which shed his blood :
When in an hostile tent beset with foes,
Of ev'ry mark of grandeur dispossest
You stood the spectacle of adverse fortune.
But yet how small thy woes compar'd to mine ;
Tho' Hector lay all mangled o'er with wounds.
Still other sons and children hadst thou left,
To sooth and share the burden of thy sorrow ;
While I, alas ! all destitute and bare,
Like the weak vine, when the destructive storm
Has beat the elm that propp'd it to the ground,
Must languish out a comfortless old age,

And unsupported sink into the grave ;
 For he is dead, for ever from me gone,
 In whom my hope, my ev'ry joy surviv'd ;
 Nor shall I e'er infold in my embrace,
 Nor welcome with a fond transported heart
 My youthful hero drest in wreaths of triumph.
 No more my eyes shall from the lofty tow'rs
 Watch yonder plain, expecting his return ;
 No more mistake the setting sun's bright beams,
 That tinge the fields for his refulgent arms ;
 Nor shall the pleasing accents of his tongue
 Amuse the gloomy ev'ning of my life
 With tales of conquest and the works of war.
 My hall, adorn'd with splendor to receive,
 To greet him in the midst of all his glories,
 Must now be hung around with weeds of woe,
 And for the trumpet's heart-enliv'ning sound
 A father's cries shall rend its vaulted dome.

ON THE

B L E S S I N G S

WHICH THE AUTHOR ENJOYED FROM THE

BOUNTY OF HIS CREATOR.

AWAKE, my soul, and spurning the profane,
Celestial, as thy nature, be thy strain:
Let time the flutters of the vain confine—
To overtake eternity be thine.
Deaf to the flourish of expiring fame,
I seek a glorious and a deathless name;
And unconcern'd to make the world applaud,
My whole ambition is—to please my God.
Oh! that I might but please him; that my ways,
Pure in his sight, were worthy of his praise!

Or oh ! that soften'd with my suppliant stile,
 At least in mercy he would deign to smile ;
 And, not extreme to censure what is wrong,
 Endure my service, nor disdain my song,
 When, uttering all my heart, my voice should sound,
 And with his glories shake the isles around !
 And, would my strength but answer to my zeal,
 Both earth and heav'n should echo back the peal ;
 For thou, O Lord, art righteousness and truth,
 Thy mercies are my comforts from my youth ;
 Thine hand hath led me thro' the wiles of life,
 Thro' sorrow, sickness, folly, care and strife :
 And, when my faith was failing from within,
 Held me from sinking in the depths of sin.
 Or shall I hide them, or with praise confess
 Those talents, which his bounty chose to bless ;
 That spirit, which my searching thought informs,
 Or with inventive flame my fancy warms ;
 And thou, harmonious pow'r of numbers, giv'n
 To teach us by degrees the style of heav'n :
 To thee escaping, from the boist'rous flood
 That drowns the judgment, or inflames the blood ;
 From slander's breath, which like the flash destroys,
 And gives the wound before we hear the noise ;
 Or from the crowd on avarice's stage,
 Where flumb'ring passions are provok'd to rage ;

When warning night expands her awful wing,
 In self-amusing solitude I sing :
 Not pompous tales, where fiction hath no bounds,
 Nor with voluptuous tenderness of sounds ;
 But pious strains, with truth and judgment strong,
 Like Jephtha's, or the son of Jesse's song ;
 Such as might anguish or despair control,
 And charm all evil spirits from the soul ;
 Or kindly waft me, like the prophet driv'n,
 Snatch'd in a flame of rapture up to heav'n.

Oh mansion of the blessed ! when shall I,
 If not unworthy, to thy bowers fly ?
 There, from the weariness of life to rest,
 There, in the friendship of the righteous blest ;
 My sentiments refin'd, my faults subdued,
 My heart enlighten'd to grow wise and good ;
 To see the justice of th' eternal laws,
 To trace the wisdom of th' unerring cause ;
 And with angelic concord, all in one,
 To praise the father, and adore the son.
 Yet here, preluding, with my voice I try
 To reach the scale of music to the sky ;
 Not of myself sufficient, when I sing,
 Unless the heav'nly dove will lend her wing.

To virtue forming, all the time, my youth,
My heart to goodness, and my tongue to truth,
A shepherd, yet unskill'd, but fond to learn,
I feed my flock among the isles of Erne;
Divided from the learned world, unknown,
Yet not uncheerful, neither quite alone,
Blest, when a thinking friend vouchsafes to come,
And loving all, not un-belov'd by some.

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E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

Mrs. M A T H E W,

LATE OF THOMASTOWN.

By A.

HARK! heard ye not that solemn pausing bell
That slowly vibrates thro' the midnight air?
And mark that burning torch, that fun'ral knell,
And the loud shriek of anguish and despair:

That awful pomp, that melancholy state,
Slow creeping tow'rd the mansion of the dead,
Declare that beauty meets the hand of fate,
That lovely MATHEW is for ever fled.

Vanish'd the polish'd ease, the grace refin'd,
Faded the wonders of her beauteous face;
Cold are the cheeks where both the roses twin'd,
Lifeless the form possess'd of ev'ry grace.

The eye, that smil'd at pleasure's sprightly sound,
And spoke the softest language of the soul,
No more shall shed its soften'd glory round,
No more its fascinating lustre roll.

Beauty, look here, and view thy final doom,
Behold to what thy dreams of conquest tend;
Start not affrighted from the dreary gloom,
Here must each vanity, each folly end.

But view the solemn scene with pious awe,
And, while the hour of saving grace is giv'n,
Quick, from the world your giddy souls withdraw,
And fix them firm on happiness and Heav'n.

And as you vainly emulate her charms,
Like her, in undecaying beauty shine;
Put on the Christian's all-subduing charms,
And boldly prove your origin divine.

Oh ! emulate the never-fading grace,
Oh ! catch the charm that never can decay,
Be nobly vain, seraphic beauty seize,
And wear the radiance of eternal day.

The lively hope, the pure, unspotted faith,
That, firmly trusting to the word of God,
Can walk undaunted thro the paths of death,
And bless Heav'n's mercies, while its feels its rod.

And charity, the friend of human kind,
Whose bosom for another's mis'ry bleeds,
To all the faults of all her fellows blind,
Who clothes the naked, and the hungry feeds.

These are the charms that shall for ever bloom,
For ever with unfading lustre shine :
These charms shall smile superior to the tomb,
And, MATHEW, all these pow'rful charms were thine.

Her frame by Nature's nicest hand was wrought,
And in-bred elegance each grace bestow'd ;
Her soul with ev'ry purer virtue fraught,
And in her breast the kindest feelings glow'd.

Calm was her bosom, as the curling sea,
E'er angry winds deform'd the peaceful main ;
Her temper chearful as the solar ray,
That gaily dances on the liquid plain.

In her meridian, in the noon of life,
In fortune's splendor, and in beauty's pride,
Bound by the pow'rful ties of mother, wife,
Resign'd she met her fate, and smiling died.

Thus the fair swan, who swims the azure plain,
Views unappall'd the near approach of death,
To heav'n he raises the submissive strain,
And, in a song, resigns his tuneful breath.

To death 'tis guilt, not nature, gives the sting,
Thence do his spectre form, gigantic size,
His gorgon shield, his barbed arrows spring,
And thence do all his gloomy terrors rise.

The gen'rous eagle, long by man confin'd,
Brought to the field, he stoops, secure to rise ;
He spurns the lure that snares him to mankind,
And scorns the voice that calls him from the skies.

Did man like him, "in conscious virtue bold,"

On rapid pinion bravely dare to rise,

Disdain by earthly ties to be controll'd,

And scorn a residence beneath the skies ;

Death would but as the eagle's stoop appear,

To add new vigor to his rapid flight ;

The certain means of changing guilt and fear,

For yon bright regions of eternal light.

E L E G Y.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. B A R N A R D,

By THE SAME.

W H Y heaves each bosom with the heart-felt sigh,
Why drops the bitter tear from ev'ry eye ?
Those sighs, those tears the loss of worth deplore,
And tell the world, that BARNARD is no more :
Tell to the poor, their friend, their mother's dead,
Who banish'd sorrow from their humble shed,
Who crown'd their little hearth with health and ease,
And lent their little fire its brightest blaze ;
Whose lib'ral mind their woe, unask'd, reliev'd,
Joy'd with the happy, with the mourner griev'd :
Like holy Anna's was her worth, her years,
Her faith unshaken and her ardent pray'rs ;
To her, like knowledge of the law was giv'n,
And like expectings of approaching Heav'n.

Altho' with humor, sense, and genius grac'd,
 The justest judgment, and the truest taste;
 Tho' far above her sex her learning shone,
 She held no judgment cheaper than her own.
 Her happy soul, from ev'ry weakness free,
 Was good, was pure, as human soul could be;
 Whate'er alloy her perfect virtue knew,
 Like dross, which makes gold hard and current too,
 Serv'd but to fit her for the coil of earth,
 And into human sink angelic worth.

And Heav'n with choicest gifts adorn'd her life,
 Secur'd from envy, and exempt from strife:
 It gave the peaceful night, the happy day,
 The vig'rous mind, unconscious of decay,
 The green old age, with health and honors crown'd,
 The fancy lively, and the judgment sound;
 In rev'rend age the friendship of the young,
 The love and blessing of each heart and tongue.
 To latest life such chearfulness was giv'n,
 We scarce could draw the line 'twixt her and Heav'n;
 With one short pang the vital spirit fled,
 And while we gaz'd, she sunk among the dead.
 So some old oak, upon a mountain's side,
 While yet it stands in all its verdant pride,

Touch'd by ætherial fire, it instant dies,
And sinks to earth before our doubting eyes.—

Oft at thy tomb shall filial worth be found,
Pressing with fervent lips the hallow'd ground ;
In speechless anguish mourning o'er thy urn,
That worth, that kindness that can ne'er return,
'Till thou shalt seem to rise, bid anguish cease,
And hush the tempest of despair to peace.
Friendship shall there with pious footstep tread,
And mourn, and muse upon the fainted dead,
'Till the full bosom swells with fervent sighs,
And cherish'd sorrows fill our clouded eyes ;
The heart, thus soften'd with sincerest woe,
Shall at the sight of misery o'erflow,
With sympathizing care extend relief,
And learn thy virtue thro' excess of grief.—

There shall the poor their frequent vespers say,
And bear some relic from thy tomb away ;
There pay the debt of gratitude sincere,
The heart-felt anguish, and the bitter tear ;
'Till pensive recollection shall impart
Remembrance of past good to ev'ry heart,
Teach them to own how long that good was giv'n;
And melt their souls in gratitude to Heav'n.

V E R S E S,

ON THE SAME OCCASION,

By W***** M*****, Esq.

CALL not a Muse, invoke no fabled name,
This sacred dust to consecrate to fame :
Around this shrine a firm, yet patient band,
The Christian virtues, take their hallow'd stand.
Here PATIENCE, blunting keen affliction's dart,
Pours her soft balm into the wounded heart ;
Here FAITH unmov'd looks thro' this scene of care,
Points up to Heav'n, and sees her triumph there ;
Here bright-eyed HOPE, up-borne on Seraph's wing,
Exulting hymns her Saviour, and her King ;
And CHARITY, whose parent arms embrace,
With love divine, the whole of human race ;
These led the Christian thro' life's dubious road,
These now present an Angel to her God.

WRITTEN ON

A L A D Y,

WHO SAID SHE WOULD DIE ON A GIVEN DAY, AND SENT
TO HER ON THE NEXT.

By THE SAME.

IF manly sense with female softness join'd,
An angel form, just emblem of her mind ;
If each firm virtue of th' heroic breast,
By manners polish'd, by the Graces dress'd ;
If ev'ry duty that endears thro' life,
As daughter, parent, sister, and as wife ;
If love's fond wish, if friendship's trembling care,
And filial piety's incessant pray'r,

If these could save from fate its richest prize,
Our tears had never told—" Here MIRA lies."—

* * * * *

Such was the wreath by friendship's hand entwin'd
With dutious care thy sacred urn to bind ;
But that some pitying angel from on high
Forbad thee yet to mount thy native sky ;
Bade thee still live, with sweet return to prove
The joys of friendship, the delights of love ;
Each circling year to bless, and to be blest,
With the calm sunshine of the virtuous breast ;
Bade thee still live, by fav'ring heav'n design'd
The loveliest model of thy lovely kind.

E P I G R A M,

ON A RICH OLD LADY WHO MARRIED A VERY YOUNG MAN.

By THE SAME.

BENDING beneath the weight of three score years,
See youthful CHLOE still abroad appears;
Despises summer's heat, and winter's cold,
And only *trembles* to be yet thought old;
The joys of wedlock too the wanton tries,
For gold can buy what gen'rous love denies.
Oh shameless boy! to waste thy youthful charms
And clasp a wither'd mummy to thy arms;
Resign the beldam to her native clay,
Nor longer cheat the worms of lawful prey.

TO

D E L I A.

BY THE SAME.

'TIS not the lustre of the lily fair,
Nor the mild blushes of the op'ning rose;
'Tis not her elegance of form and air
That round my fair this soft enchantment throws;

Tho' in her eye love's brightest light'ning's blaze,
Tho' her soft cheek out-vies the peach's bloom,
Tho' o'er her bosom sportive Cupid strays,
And her lip breathes the rosy spring's perfume:

Where then the charm that binds each captive heart,
That with resistless pow'r enslaves the soul,
That to each look such magic can impart,
And ev'ry ruder passion thus controul?

'Tis nature's self—in lovely DELIA's face
The soul of beauty lives in ev'ry line,
Expression breathes in all a livelier grace,
And stamps perfection on the work divine.

'Tis this with magic pow'r that beauty arms,
'Tis this that e'en my DELIA can improve,
Diffuse a brighter lustre o'er her charms,
And wake each breast to rapture and to love.

E L E G Y

ON THE LATE

DUKE OF RUTLAND,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, WHO DIED IN THE GOVERNMENT, THE
24th OCTOBER, 1787.

By T.

YES—RUTLAND falls—on yonder bed he lies,
Without a real friend to close his eyes,
Without the partner of his heart and bed,
To prop with tender care his sinking head,
From his chill'd brow to wipe the damps of death,
And for a moment stay his parting breath.
Of all he loves, his children only near,
To pay the tribute of one pious tear;
And they—poor orphans!—only have the pow'r
T'embitter, not to sooth, his dying hour.
What are ye, Riches? Greatness, what art thou?
Ye gaudy pageants, what avail ye now?

Go try your opiates, try your soothing strains,
 And for a moment lull his party trains ;
 Supply that anxious love, that tender faith,
 That ev'n can mitigate the pang of death :—
 It cannot be :—the gay delusion's fled,
 The son of GRANBY sinks among the dead,
 And, dying, owns the peasant far more blest,
 Who breathes his last upon some kindred breast.

While Heav'n profusely o'er his youthful head
 Those awful gifts, which men call blessings, shed ;
 While smiling Beauty blest him with her charms,
 And gave her fairest wonder to his arms ;
 While lavish Fortune all her gifts bestow'd,
 And youth and vigor in his bosom glow'd ;
 In life's fair prime, in grandeur's gayest pride,
 A victim to his follies RUTLAND died.
 Yet at his fate the social breast must mourn,
 And pity drop a tear upon his urn ;
 For Nature meant him for a nobler part,
 The friend of taste, of genius, and of art ;
 His was the splendid soul, an active mind,
 An honest confidence in all mankind,
 A temper social, unreserv'd and warm,
 And all the graces of a manly form ;

His polish'd manners well became his state,
 Noble, tho' courteous ; affable, tho' great.
 Such RUTLAND was :—fain would the mourning Muse,
 The errors, that she must condemn, excuse ;
 Like Noah's sons spread wide the pious veil,
 And all his faults from ev'ry eye conceal.
 But dare the Muse her dignity resign,
 Descend to sacrifice at grandeur's shrine,
 The courtly paths of adulation tread,
 And learn to varnish o'er the guilty dead ?
 Dare she forsake the post by Heav'n design'd,
 And rob, of his instructive fate, mankind ?
 No RUTLAND, no—in piety to thee
 I'll warn thy gay compeers in luxury ;
 Part of thy heavy debt I'll strive to pay,
 And call those back thy life has led astray.
 Tho' urg'd by pity, yet with pious dread,
 Trembling, I stir the ashes of the dead ;—
 Vain fears ! oh could they like a beacon blaze,
 To warn the thoughtless triflers of our days
 Who live on surfeit, madden o'er the bowl,
 And wreck on riot an eternal soul ;
 Who sink immortals into slaves of sense,
 And drown God's image in intemperance.
 Is Circe's magic cup no fable then ?
 Nothing uncommon in imbruted men ?

And more amazing yet, in men redeem'd
 By love, beyond what angels could have dream'd ?
 Tremble, ye mockers of the Christian name,
 Who put your Saviour to an open shame ;
 Recall that scene which angels fear'd to view,
 And crucify the Lord of life anew.
 Unhappy victims of this brutish vice,
 Of your debasement would you count the price,
 You'd find, that as you quaff the madd'ning wine,
 This life you shorten, and the next resign :
 And life not only shorten, but destroy
 Each hope, each possibility of joy ;
 The joys of reason ye renounce, we know,
 And ev'n the blifs of madness ye forego ;
 Not lunatics, but driv'llers ye become,
 Senseless as those whom lengthen'd years benumb ;
 Ye do not live, but doze your lives away,
 Polluted masses of just breathing clay.

But hark ! the bell still vibrates on my ear,
 And calls me back to RUTLAND's pompous bier :
 Ye splendid tapers ! ye, well-order'd, shew
 The semblance of unutterable woe ;
 The gaudy banners, solemn black beneath,
 And all the pompous fopperies of death !—

Are these the honors should attend his shade ?
 Far other rites by real woe are paid ;
 Behold his household—see him there deplor'd,
 The best, the kindest, and the gentlest Lord ;
 Ask of his friends—his weeping friends will tell,
 How their pierc'd hearts with real anguish swell,
 While the warm tear, still flowing down their cheeks,
 Declares a grief beyond what language speaks :
 In her, who shar'd each feeling of his heart,
 Behold a grief which mocks the reach of art ;
 Conceive when first the beauteous mourner sees
 Her infant orphans clinging to her knees ;
 When first she strains them to her aching breast,
 With what deep anguish is her soul possess'd ;
 Now see her from their fond embraces tear,
 “ Where is your father—oh my children ! where ”
 In the wild accents of despair she cries ;
 Again she clasps them, and again she flies :
 Now in the majesty of woe she stands,
 With eyes uplifted and with clasped hands ;
 No sigh, no murmur from her lips you hear,
 Nor from her eye descends one lenient tear ;
 A single groan emancipates her breath,
 And down she sinks in momentary death ;
 Like some—but what like her can we conceive,
 We, who have never seen an angel grieve.

These are the sorrows, which declare his mind
 By nature was benevolent and kind,
 Form'd to delight us in the social scene,
 Had fortune plac'd him in the golden mean.
 Curse on the flatt'ers, who undid his youth,
 And led his footsteps from the paths of truth !
 Wretches, that ever on the great attend,
 The ready friends of those, who want no friend ;
 Who watch each purpose of the wayward mind,
 Foresee its meaning, e'er 'tis half design'd,
 With hellish art anticipate the will,
 And bring to life each tendency to ill.

A stripling, of his fathers care bereft,
 Left to himself, and to his passions left,
 The Muse who blames him, must, in justice, own
 His follies prejudic'd himself alone :
 While grateful numbers their well-being ow'd
 To noble deeds which from his virtue flow'd ;
 Unforc'd by any laws, but those which bind
 The gen'rous spirit, and enlighten'd mind,
 He gave, to stop the honest traders sigh,
 That wealth, which others squander on a die ;
 A deed, like this, a nobler mind displays,
 Than half the heroes, whom we load with praise :

Then o'er his failings let us drop the tear,
While all his virtues are to mem'ry dear ;
And, with remembrance of his kindness mov'd,
Let's strive to copy what in him we lov'd ;
And henceforth folly shall in vain entice
Our guarded footsteps to the paths of vice ;
His death's a counter spell to all her charms,
We must detest what tore him from our arms.

W R I T T E N

A T

M I D N I G H T.

By THE SAME.

NOW full-orb'd Cynthia lights her lamp on high,
And o'er my head expands a cloudless sky;
With silent step the planets trace their round,
And silent dews refresh the thirsty ground;
Ev'n Folly's train their noisy revels cease,
And the whole scene is harmony and peace.
Yes—all is calm—except this rebel breast,
Which not surrounding peace can charm to rest.—
Should heav'n command the angry storm to sleep,
While the wild winds are warring o'er the deep,
'Tho' the dread fury of the tempest dies,
Yet still the waves in mountain billows rise;
Still urge the bark against the dang'rous coast,
And feeble vessels in the swell are lost:
Such is the picture of my guilty soul,
So wildly passions in my bosom roll;

Tho' tempting passions from my view retire,
 Still their illusions all my bosom fire,
 Still with wild cares my better thoughts control
 And banish peace and virtue from my soul.—

At this dread hour, when Nature is at rest,
 Shall I alone the gen'ral peace molest ?
 When Angels hymn his wond'rous works on high,
 Shall I alone JEHOVAH's pow'r defy ?
 Shall I alone his saving grace withstand,
 And scorn redemption offer'd by his hand ?
 Shall I the mercies of his cross disdain
 And force omnipotence to act in vain ?
 Forbid it, Gracious Ruler of the sky !
 Oppress'd with anguish to thy throne I fly :
 With wonted mercy, Lord, incline thine ear,
 And, e'er thy creature's lost, in pity hear.
 Do thou, O God ! compose this tortur'd breast,
 And make the rage of rebel passions rest :
 Come Holy Spirit, come, my bosom fill,
 Control my reason, and correct my will ;
 Teach me the weakness of myself to own,
 To trust for succor to thy strength alone ;
 To feel, how worthless my least guilty deed,
 And only thro' the cross for mercy plead.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN IN THE

BEGINNING OF AUTUMN,

IN THE YEAR 1784.

By THE SAME.

N O more the sun with sultry fervor glows,
Along the vale no vernal zephyr blows,
The hope of spring, the pride of summer's fled,
And all the brilliance of the year is dead.
Now autumn mild comes stealing o'er the green,
And gives a pensive beauty to the scene ;
With sad delight I view, where'er I stray,
The sweet and mournful traces of decay :
I hear soft music in this hollow wind,
It sighs responsive to my pensive mind ;

And the soft murmurs of this drizzly show'r
Appear with me lost virtue to deplore.
Could candid truth, could manners nobly plain,
Could gen'rous scorn of Vice's venal train,
Could early worth, could strictest honor save,
We had not wept, O Barnard! o'er thy grave.
In virtue singular, with decent pride
He view'd the swarm that swim on Fashion's tide;
Disdain'd the greatness of ignoble souls,
And scorn'd to mingle with the mass of fools.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN IN THE

BEGINNING OF AUTUMN,

IN THE YEAR 1784.

By THE SAME.

N O more the fun with fultry fervor glows,
Along the vale no vernal zephyr blows,
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And scorn'd to mingle with the mass of fools.

AN

E P I T A P H.

By THE SAME.

THIS silent shade, this humble tomb contains
 The whole that of COLUMBUS now remains;
 No guilty passion stain'd his blameless youth,
 His form was beauty, and his soul was truth.
 By Nature taught, he chose, he lov'd for life,
 His marriage free from falsehood and from strife;
 He join'd no party of the factious croud,
 Nor at the shrine of guilty grandeur bow'd;
 In life's first bloom he sought a calm retreat,
 Fond to be free, he wish'd not to be great;
 So good, so kind, he never caus'd a tear,
 Save those that fell on his untimely bier;

Each eye admir'd him, and each heart approv'd,
He died lamented, as he liv'd belov'd.—

Reader, who tak'st this unfrequented way,
Impute not falsehood to the poet's lay :
For know, the object that now claims thy tear
Is not a man, but Pigeon buried here.

ON
BEHOLDING THE ASCENT
OF AN
A I R - B A L L O O N.

By THE SAME.

WHEN first bold Jason plough'd the wat'ry plain,
Greece proud, yet anxious for the hero's fate,
Sigh'd at the dangers of the stormy main,
Yet urg'd th' attempt, with pride and hope elate.

Such anxious passions swell within our breast,
Such strong emotions agitate each heart,
When, pressing forward with a lover's haste,
We see the bold adventurer depart.

But when thick clouds receiv'd him from our sight,
What anxious terror ev'ry bosom swell'd !
Thus happy Enoch fought the realms of light,
And awe-struck thus a trembling World beheld.

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AN

E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

REV. J O H N L A W S O N,

D. D. S. F. T. C. D.

WHAT! shall the fell destroyers of mankind,
Still live with glory down from age to age?
Shall they a place in Fame's fair annals find,
And bloom immortal in the storied page?

Shall they, whose pride no other worth can boast
Than realms laid waste, and monarchies o'erturn'd,
Shall they survive, 'till time itself be lost,
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry art adorn'd!

Shall these things be ? yet peaceful virtue die
Without the tribute of one pious groan ?
And modest worth without a tear, a sigh,
Sink to the grave unheard of and unknown !

At dire Ambition's call what millions bleed
Shall honor's wreath the victor's temples bind ?
Yet no reward await the honest deed,
No glory crown the pure and spotless mind ?

And shall the Muse too prostitute her tongue
To Wealth's vain glare, or Pow'r's unsteady blaze ?
Whilst good men fall, neglected and unfung,
No heart to mourn them, and no hand to praise.

It shall not be.—Ev'n now athwart the gloom
She comes, the Goddess comes, to praise, to mourn,
To tear the wreath from dire Ambition's tomb,
And place it high on Virtue's honour'd urn.

Though abler hands the glorious task decline,
Tho' Dunkin, modest, hides the heavenly fire,
Tho' Shepherd's dumb—yet shall one ray divine
The last the meanest of the train inspire.

Fate gave the word—and LAWSON is no more—
Still green in earth the noble ruin lies :
How shall the weeping Muse the loss deplore ?
Harsh flow the strains that real grief supplies.

Yet, tho' the strain be harsh, tho' weak the tongue
That says 'ill chance, this tributary verse,
The heart shall aid the melancholy song,
And pour its sorrows on thy honour'd hearse.

Had it pleas'd heav'n—what has my frenzy said ?
Where wou'd my wishes point ? frail child of dust
Hark ! from the grave cries out the rev'rend dead
That Heav'n is wise, and all its ways are just.

O worth belov'd and lost ! admir'd ! and mourn'd !
Patient to hear, indulgent to redress !
With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace, adorn'd,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless !

Who now Affliction's sorrows shall assuage ?
Who now the tears of suff'ring virtue dry ?
Who guard the orphans unprotected age,
Or kindle gladness in the widows eye.

Who now our varying passions shall command ?
Teach the stern breast to feel another's, woe !
Ope the hard miser's unrelenting hand ;
And bid the streams of charity o'erflow ?

These were thy arts—and glowing with the theme,
Whilst truths divine came mended from thy tongue,
Vice heard, abash'd—youth caught the inspiring flame,
And pleas'd attention on thy accents hung.

Respected shade ! now from the realms of joy
Indulgent listen to our fervent pray'r !
Still let, thy Alma's sons thy thoughts employ !
O still, protect them with a parent's care !

Teach them to love mankind, and worship God !
Curb the wild fallies of impetuous youth.
Teach them to tread those paths, that thou hast trod.
And share those blessings that now crown thy truth,

And lo ! around the pensive mourners stand,
Warm from the heart th' unbidden sorrows flow ;
In dumb distress each lifts his trembling hand
With looks that speak unutterable woe.

What tho' no poet's pen, no sculptor's art,
Adorns the grave where thy lov'd relics lie,
A sigh shall burst from ev'ry feeling heart,
A tear shall fall from ev'ry honest eye :

And, tho' no statues weep upon thy tomb,
No storied pillars labour with thy fame,
Green ev'n in age, thy memory shall bloom :
Where pillars rise, the monuments of shame.—

TO

M A R I A.

THINK not when lost in extacy,
Thus silently I gaze,
That I employ on ought but thee,
My rapture and my praise.

No, you in ev'ry grace excel,
To captivate the heart ;
Nor need my pen my looks will tell,
How strong, how sure the dart.

What else when absent from your arms,
My anxious sadness brings,
And when I thus behold your charms,
What gives the minutes wings.

Why do the tears so frequent start
Into my trembling eye,
And whence the sighs that rend my heart,
Cou'd fiction these supply.

Why leaving thee and life behind,
Do piercing sorrows bite,
And why meeting Maria kind,
This exquisite delight.

Why does my fond unconscious tongue
Make thee her only theme,
And why incessantly in song,
Do I record thy name.

Why do I at thy mention glow,
I know not how afraid,
And wherefore company forego,
To seek the lonely shade.

Oh why all this and ten times more,
Which language can't declare,
But that to madness I adore
Thee, my unrival'd Fair.

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V E R S E S,

TO

A P A I N T E R,

WHO FAIL'D TWICE IN ATTEMPTING TO TAKE A LADY'S LIKENESS.

ARTIST, thy pencil skill'd to trace
With rival art less finish'd forms,
In vain attempts, with equal grace,
To imitate DORINDA's charms.

Nor grieve, tho' twice thy labour fail'd ;
Her beauties, too severely bright,
In their own lustre are conceal'd,
Hid like the sun, in too much light.

Thy frustrate skill no more upbraid,
'Tis Nature's fix'd unalter'd law,
Those whom so perfect she has made,
No pencil, but her own shall draw.

Art's boasted strength in vain you try,
Her beauty leaves all art behind ;
Who hopes to paint DORINDA's eye,
As well might hope to paint her mind.

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C O P I E D,

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF

THE REV. DR. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

SEPTEMBER 26th, 1718.

TO THE REV. MR. DANIEL JACKSON, TO BE HUMBLY PRESENTED BY
MR. SHERIDAN, IN PERSON, WITH RESPECT, CARE AND SPEED.

TO BE DELIVERED BY AND WITH MR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my Trust, nor ask

One penny for remittance:

If I have well perform'd my task,

Pray send me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,

As Hercules the sky;

Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,

Let me be stander by.

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day ;
Not half the puns you make a week
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse,
Yet are you not my debtor ;
For as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before ;
And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
The more they frisk and skip :
The school-boys top but louder hums,
The more they use the whip :

Thus a lean beast beneath a load,
A beast of Irish breed,
Will in a tedious, dirty road,
Out-go the prancing steed.

You knock him down, and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For soon as he gets up again,
He'll stout, and cry " Victoria !"

At ev'ry stroke of mine he fell,
Tis true he roar'd and cry'd ;
But his impenetrable shell
Could feel no harm beside.

The tortoise thus with motion slow
Will clamber up a wall ;
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then why should you or I
Attack his pericrany ?
And since it is in vain to try,
We'll send him to Delany.

P O S T S C R I P T.

LEAN Tom, when I saw him last week on his horse
awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his forcery.
But I think little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphosis ;
For omitting the first, where I make a comparison
With a sort of allusion to Putland, or Harrison,
Yet by my description you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, what I
call,
This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal.
And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
For I pity the man, I should be then glad of it.

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ON

THE DEATH OF A LATE

VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

NOVEMBER, 16, 1789.

SONS of the world, who view with scornful eyes
The grave in which sequester'd Science lies :
Who mock the student's toils, or mark them not,
Or deem he labours but to be forgot,
Exists awhile within the cloister's gloom,
Then sinks unheeded to an humble tomb !
Come, ye who proudly scorn the Pedant's boast,
Here weep the talents which you honour most !
Know, that there sleeps on this lamented bier
All that might well have grac'd your gayer sphere ;

Wit, that to dullness only gave offence,
 And learning's store subservient still to sense;
 The sportive Fancy, and the hum'rous vein,
 Which numbers imitate, but few attain;
 Quick to conceive, and ready to express
 The clear conception in its happiest dress;
 Fire, that with seventy winters snow could wage
 Successful war, and melt the frost of age.

Mourn him, ye gay, for you had sure approv'd
 What Yorick honour'd, and Eugenius lov'd;
 Refuse the decent tribute if you can,
 Due to the wit, the scholar, and the man!
 Or, if ye own the luxury of woe,
 Here let the graceful weakness freely flow!

To you, whose board his mirth was wont to cheer,
 Who lov'd the raillery you could not fear,
 To you, alas! while mem'ry holds her seat,
 Shall the weak Muse superfluous praise repeat;
 Vain were th' appeal to ev'ry social breast,
 While he shall most regret who knew him best.

V E R S E S,

TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN GRENVILLE,

WHO WAS SLAIN COMMANDING THE *DEFIANCE* MAN OF WAR IN THE
ENGAGEMENT WITH THE FRENCH FLEET, ON THE 3^d OF MAY,

1747.

By MR. LYTTLETON.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues tell,
If since your all-accomplish'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth,
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd :
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms,

Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female heart,
Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his Country dy'd.

But nobler far and greater is the praise,
So bright to shine in these degen'rate days;
An age of heroes kindled Sydney's fire,
His inborn worth alone cou'd GRENVILLE's deeds inspire.

TO

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN,

FROM IRELAND,

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING.

THRICE have the Muses wept ; the tuneful train
Mourn'd their first hope in gentle Sydney slain ;
While Spenser's pious hand an altar rears,
Preserves the dirge *, and consecrates the tears.
Falkland was next ; nor civil rage cou'd tell
What urg'd his fate, but wonder'd why he fell ;
By Hyde's rich genius are his honours paid,
In grave discourse, of high record, display'd.
GRENVILLE the last ; this precious pledge the Nine
To thee their priest †, O Lyttleton consign ;

* Alluding to the two Poems of Spenser's.

† Quarum sacra fero—VIRGIL.

Thy verse alone can satisfy the dead
 And pay the glorious prize for which he bled.
 A spotless sacrifice in beauty's prime
 Fell the lov'd youth, nor fell before his time ;
 No life is timely to the coward slave,
 No death untimely to the free and brave ;
 While with his friends the publick sorrows flow,
 And each soft eye adopts a sister's * woe ;
 While honour, truth, and ev'ry sacred name
 Fill the grand chorus of his finish'd fame :
 Could years have added more ? O envy'd breath
 Lost for thy Country ! O triumphant Death !
 To such desert, such praises to succeed
 Lives there a wretch who wou'd not wish to bleed ?
 Lives there ?——but stop the song, too much is past,
 And may this fate, BOSCAWEN, be the last !
 From thy try'd fortune, Britain hopes to raise
 A cheaper triumph, and less guilty bays ;
 She bids thee take the fasces of the main,
 And free fair commerce from her servile chain ;
 Already I behold thy navy steer
 By other stars, and gain upon the year ;
 Where seas impell'd by faithful breezes roll,
 And the broad shadows shorten from the pole :

* This gentleman was remarkable for being the best of brothers.

With no proud luxury the vessels groan,
 Their richer freight is liberty alone;
 That rare exotic to a foreign sky,
 Which Britain gives, but India cannot buy,
 At her approach the Gaul shall hide his face,
 And herd for shelter with a swarthier race;
 His spurious sun no more shall rule the day,
 But set for ever in an eastern sea;
 New titles and strange trophies shall be thine,
 And laurels cull'd beyond the burning line.

Go with these auspices, and when thy sails
 Bend homewards, swelling with less spicy gales;
 The Muse who mourns thy much lamented friend,
 With better strains thy triumphs shall attend;
 Ev'n now she strives to raise her drooping wing,
 Effays her harp and meditates to sing,
 While o'er these late, so sad and joyless plains,
 Again smiles Phœbus, and a Stanhope reigns.

BEAUTY AND FASHION

A R E P A R T E E.

MILLE HABET ORNATUS MILLE DECENTER HABET.

SAYS BEAUTY to FASHION, as they sat at the toilet,
If I give you a charm, you surely will spoil it ;
When you take it in hand, there's such murd'ring and
 mangling,
'Tis so metamorphos'd by your fiddling and fangling,
That I scarce know my own, when I meet it again ;
Such changelings you make both of women and men.
To confirm what I say, look at Phryne and Phillis,
I am sure that I gave them good roses and lilies ;
Now what have you done, let the world be the judge :
Why you daub 'em all over with cold cream and rouge ;
That, like Thïsbe, in Ovid, yō cannot come at 'em,
Unless thro' a mud-wall of paint and pomatum.

And as to your drefs, one wou'd think you quite mad,
 From the head to the heel 'tis all mafquerade ;
 With your flounces and furbelows, facks, trollopees, }
 Now fweeping the ground, now up to your knees,
 Your pinking and crimping and *chevaux de frize*, }
 And all the fantaftical cuts of the mode,
 You look like a bedlamite, ragged and proud !
 Then of late you're fo fickle that few people mind you,
 For my part, I never can tell where to find you ;
 Now drefs'd in a cap, now naked in none,
 Now loofe in a mob, now clofe in a Joan ;
 Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff,
 Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff,
 Now a fhape in neat ftays, now a flattern in jumps,
 Now flim as a pike-ftaff, now burly in rumps,
 Now monftrous in hoops, now trapifh and walking,
 With your petticoats clung to your heels, like a malkin.
 Like the cock on the tower that fhews you the weather
 You are hardly the fame for two days together.

Thus BEAUTY began, and Mifs FASHION replied :
 Who does moft for the fex ? let it fairly be tried ;
 And they that look round 'em, will prefently fee
 They're much lefs beholden to you than to me.
 I grant it, indeed, mighty favors you boaft,
 But how fcanty your favors, how fcarce is a toaft ?

A shape—a complexion—you confer now and then,
 But to one that you give, you refuse it to ten;
 In one you succeed, in another you fail,
 Here your rose is too red, there your lily's too pale;
 Or some feature or other is always amiss,
 And pray let me know when you finish'd a piece,—
 But what I was oblig'd to correct, or touch over,
 Or you never wou'd have either husband or lover :
 For I hope, my fair lady, you do not forget,
 Though you find the thread, that 'tis I make the net;
 And say what you please, it must be allow'd,
 That a Woman is nothing, unless *a-la-mode* :
 Neglected she lives, and no beauty avails,
 For what is a ship without rigging or sails;
 Like the diamonds when rough are the charms you bestow,
 But mine is the setting, and polishing too.
 Your nymphs with their shapes, their complexions, and
 features,
 What are they without me, but poor awkward creatures :
 The route, the assembly, the play-house will tell,
 'Tis I form the beau, and I finish the belle :
 'Tis by me that these beauties must all be supplied,
 Which time has withdrawn, or which you have denied ;
 Impartial to all, did not I lend my aid,
 Both Venus and Cupid might throw up their trade,
 And even your Ladyship, die an old maid.

V E R S E S

TO

A L A D Y,

WHO HAD RED HAIR

AS where some rock the troubled main divides,
Rough'ning the surge that bursts upon its sides,
Beacons, high rising, with conspicuous glare
Wide, as they shine, the deathful coast declare ;
So cloth'd with radiant hair thy temples rise,
Kind omens of the dangers of thy eyes :
Thus, crown'd with splendid tresses, comets glow,
Terrific redden, and shine future woe.
But ah ! in vain they warm, for still I gaze,
And wildly dote on the enchanting blaze ;

While rash and thoughtless I admire their beams,
 Like the fond moth, I perish in the flames.
 So fishers, to deceive the finny prey,
 With kindled lamps explore the wat'ry way :
 Struck by the splendor, they forget to fly,
 And, fix'd in stupid wonder, gaze and die.
 Thus often streams of visionary light
 Seam with long glories the brown womb of night ;
 These, as they skim, unwary trav'lers view
 With hopeful eye, and eager they pursue ;
 'Till plung'd in bogs, and lost in devious ways,
 Too late they know, and curse the fraudulent blaze.

Thou art the pure, the spotless vestal maid,
 Whose flames, with that of life alone, shall fade :
 A flame, that round the head of Tullus shone,
 Destin'd the infant captive to a throne,
 Around his sacred brows the lambent fires
 Play'd innocent, and fed their sloping spires ;
 Thy sacred head perpetual flames enclose,
 And everlasting splendors crown thy brows.
 So, in the landscapes of some antique hall,
 Where pious paintings animate the wall,
 'Midst the mean groupe the saints distinguish'd blaze,
 Their temples circled within orbs of rays.

With diff'rent beauties you attract the fight,
 Such burning tresses, yet a brow so white;
 Thus *Ætna* looks: fires on its summit glow,
 While its fair sides for ever shine with snow.
 Nature from vulgar heads distinguish'd thine,
 And gave it with peculiar beams to shine:
 Thus when the angel, by his God's command,
 Spread desolation o'er th' Egyptian land,
 Each door of Jacob shone with blood o'erspread,
 And stood securely cloth'd in holy red,
 So in the kalendar we skip the morn
 Profane, which no uncommon marks adorn;
 But sacred days of fairs, with diff'rent hue,
 Array'd in crimson, captivate the view.

Thus, while thy beams plant ardors in my soul,
 And thou, serene, art free from their control,
 I see discuss'd this subject of debate,
 That not in fire, but in ourselves, is heat;
 Long this encrease of knowledge I must mourn,
 Thine are the flames—but ah!—'tis I that burn.

E P I L O G U E,

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

S E M I R A M I S,

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners—from whose down-cast eyes
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;
Whose gentle bosoms, Pity's altars, bear
The chrystal incense of each falling tear;
There lives the Poet's praise—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart.
When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest,
Which chafes sorrow from the vulgar breast,

Still hearts refin'd their fadden'd tint retain,
 The sigh is pleasure, and the jest is pain :
 Scarce have they smiles to honor taste or wit,
 Tho' Garrick spoke the verse himself had writ.
 Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
 The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve,
 Tho' ev'ry coarser stem, of forest birth,
 Throws, with the morning beam, its dews to earth,
 Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
 But bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till noon.

Oh ! could the muse one simple moral teach,
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach !—
 Thou child of sympathy ! whoe'er thou art,
 Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part,
 Go, search where keener woes demand relief,
 Go, while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief,
 Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye,
 Go—and on real misery bestow
 The blest'd effusion of fictitious woe :
 So shall our Muse, supreme of all the nine,
 Deserve indeed the title of divine ;
 Virtue shall own her fav'rite from above,
 And Pity greet her with a sister's love.—

S P R I N G,

A S O N G.

By THE SAME.

FROM yonder copse yet poor in shade,
And faintly clad with green;
Why burst such notes to cheer the glade,
And praise the season's queen.

Each breeze each flow'r that glads the sense,
To us new raptures bring;
But do these warblers learn from hence,
To hail the coming SPRING.

Ah ! no they little mark the flow'r,
They little heed the breeze ;
Nor early beam nor genial show'r,
Can call such strains as these :

But with their annual passion mov'd,
'Tis Love that bids 'em sing ;
And still to love and to be lov'd,
Is all they feel of SPRING.

Shall I then life's chill winter fear,
Whose blifs no seasons bound ;
Shall I who love thro'out the year,
One hour in grief be found.

A life of love is endless May ;
Fortune I brave thy sting ;
For tho' thou shou'dst o'erblast my day,
Each night will still be SPRING.

E P I T A P H,

INTENDED FOR

MRS. MARTHA RAWLINS,

WHO DIED the 14th. JANUARY, 1780,

AGED, 44 YEARS.

IN the fond hope of an immortal name,
Let titled Pride the sumptuous column claim,
And Flattery's ready chissel there inscribe
The paltry purchase of Ambition's bribe ;—
How vain th' attempt of idle Pomp to shed
One ray of genius o'er the dotard's head !
How vain the bribe, to future times, would boast
'The matchless virtues of a villain lost !

But modest worth demands no toil of art ;—
 It lives for ever in the mourner's heart !
 And such, oh, RAWLINS ! may this marble give,
 'Till time's remotest day, thy worth to live !
 And tell the nymph who reads this artless line
 That ev'ry virtue under heav'n was thine ;
 Bid her like thee, in social converse gay,
 The innate sweetness of her mind display ;
 While manly sense with each expression flows
 And female softness all its grace bestows !
 Bid her, like thee, preserve a spotless name
 And cherish Virtue's never-dying flame ;
 Like thee, a Wife's endearing part perform,
 Tho' whim perplex and passion loudly storm ;
 And thro' a Parent's arduous province prove
 Her love a duty, and her duty love !

So may she live like thee, like thee to die—
 But for her friends, to heave the parting sigh !——
 Those friends who, long as life is giv'n to mourn,
 Shall pour their sorrows o'er thy hallow'd urn !

S O F T L Y ;

A N O D E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF THE POET HAFEZ,

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS FORD.

DISGUISED, last night, I rush'd from home,
To seek the palace of my soul :
I reach'd, by silent steps, my dome
And to her chamber **SOFTLY** stole.

On a gay various couch reclin'd,
In sweet repose I saw the maid ;
My breast, like aspens to the wind,
To love's alarum **SOFTLY** play'd.

Two fingers, then, to half expanse
I trembling op'd—with fear oppress'd,
With these I pull'd her veil askance;
Then **SOFTLY** drew her to my breast.

“ Who art thou, wretch !” my angel cry'd;
Whisp'ring, I said—“ Thy slave—thy swain;
“ But hush my love!—forbear to chide;
“ Speak **SOFTLY**, lest some hear the strain.”

Trembling with love, with hope, and fear,
At length her ruby lips I press'd;
Sweet kisses oft—mellifluous—dear—
SOFTLY I snatch'd—was softly blest'd.

“ O let me,” now inflam'd, I said,
“ My idol clasp within these arms :”
“ Remove the light”—deep sigh'd the maid—
“ Come **SOFTLY**, come—prevent alarms.”

Now by her side with bliss I glow'd,—
Swift flew the night in amorous play :
At length the morning's herald crow'd;
When **SOFTLY** thence I bent my way.

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W R I T T E N,
UNDERNEATH A
D R A W I N G,

By Miss S—.

WHEREIN TIME IS REPRESENTED RESTING HIMSELF, HIS SCYTHE LYING
ON THE FIELD, AN INFANT PLAYING WITH HIS HOUR-GLASS, AND
THE HOURS HOVERING OVER HIM, CHIDING HIS DELAY.

By G.

WHEN genius thus by culture's aid refin'd,
Transcends the bounds to Nature's self assign'd,
And, by the fiat of creative pow'r,
Her nine months work completes in half an hour ;
Or, when she thus on Fancy's pinion flies,
Thro' realms, invifible to vulgar eyes,
And, with the mimic greatnefs of a God,
Bids paper start to life at ANNA's nod,

At her command bids forms ideal rise,
With magic art to cheat our wond'ring eyes ;
Oh ! sure the youth may some indulgence claim
Who thus prognosticates the Artist's fame ;
This piece, design'd for time's remotest date,
Displays the emblem of its future fate ;
Thus shall it lure, by ev'ry charm sublime,
“ The scythe of ruin from the hand of Time.”
Nay more—perhaps 'twill change Fate's just decree,
And give those verses to futurity.

V E R S E S,

TO

M I R A,

By THE SAME.

WHEN urg'd by hope, by fear repress,
I've fought to ease my anxious breast,
And all my love declare;
To conquer fear in vain I strove,
For silence chain'd the slave of love,
And sunk me to despair.

How diff'rent is my present state,
My hopes revive, my heart's elate,
For MIRA bids me sing;
But tho' ev'n MIRA's self command,
With chasten'd joy I raise my hand,
And, trembling, touch the string.

Oh would the Muse assist the lover,
And all those secret chords discover,
Which tune the soul to love !
And teach my gentle MIRA's heart,
Responsive beating to my art,
In unison to move !

No more she'd triumph in my pain,
Or treat my passion with disdain,
Or think me insincere ;
When, stamp'd on ev'ry thought and deed,
" In letters" he who runs may read
The marks of love appear.

If not for love, for justice' sake,
Tell me what method I shall take,
Your confidence to win ;
For tho' with honest zeal I preach,
While you reject the truths I teach,
I suffer for your sin.

Then quickly banish from your breast
Ev'ry cold, suspicious guest,
And ev'ry fear remove ;
But chief of all, fair Infidel !
Your incredulity expel,
And learn of me to love.

If spotless honor, sacred truth,
Unchanging constancy, and youth
 With health and vigor crown'd;
If love seraphic, warmly glowing,
From friendship and affection flowing,
 Your mod'rate wishes bound;

Oh turn to me, and ease my pain,
Release me from this iron chain,
 Which grasps with galling hold;
Oh let compassion touch your heart,
And with a smile, of magic art,
 Transmute it into gold!

Let Cupid's flame your eyes improve,
Then turn tow'ards me those lamps of love,
 Your looks in kindness drest;
And while before your shrine I bend,
This votive tablet to suspend,
 Oh make me more than blest!

P E T I T I O N

OF A

L I N N E T,

CAUGHT ON A LIMED TWIG.

By T.

WHILE here my weary wings I beat,
With idle, unavailing rage,
And strive in vain my prison'd feet
From fatal snares to disengage ;

Oh you—who walk at large below,
And rove at will yon verdant field—
Have pity on a fellow's woe ;
And succour to the helpless yield !

If e'er you scorn'd the arts of fraud,
Release me from a villain's chain ;
If e'er your breast with freedom glow'd,
Give me my liberty again.

On yonder spray my mistress fits,
And wonders why I wish to roam;
Hark!—now the broken lay she twits,
And calls in vain her wand'rer home.

Beneath her hear my infant brood,
With loud and unavailing cry,
Importunate demand that food
Their captive father can't supply.

If e'er you felt a lover's flame,
Oh—let me to my love repair!
If e'er you hope a parent's name,
Oh—listen to a parent's pray'r!

And do not strive with barb'rous art
To force the cruel, captive strain;
Nor vainly think the free-born heart
Will carol blithe beneath its chain,

But save me from oppressive force,
And give me to my native air;
And so may Angels clear your course,
And save you from each hidden snare.

For this each morn at dawn I'll rise,
With softest notes your sleep prolong ;
Or chase the tyrant from your eyes,
And wake you with a grateful song.

Or, when you stray across the plain,
Or wander thro' the shelter'd grove ;
I'll raise for you my sweetest strain,
And tune your soul to joy and love.

And should you sleep beneath the shade,
O'ercome by noon's oppressive ray ;
I'll watch attentive o'er your head,
And raise some soft, melodious lay,

That shall from Morpheus' dewy hall,
Where various visions are combin'd,
The fairest forms of fancy call,
To sooth and harmonize your mind.

Celestial notes shall meet your ear,
Angelic beauty bless your sight,
And ev'ry transient image wear
The vivid col'rings of delight.

DIRECTIONS FOR DRAWING

A YOUNG LADY'S PICTURE,

**TO A PAINTER WHO HAD NOT SUCCEEDED IN HIS FIRST
ATTEMPT.**

By THE SAME.

SINCE your hand has fail'd to trace
The likenefs of lov'd Delia's face,
Permit me, Artift, to impart
Some hints, that may affift your art.
Firft, from clouds that tranfient fly
White and lucid o'er the fky,
Their brighteft colors you fhould win,
To paint the whitenefs of her fkin ;
Then, with the radiance of the morn
Her glowing, vivid cheeks adorn ;

But where can art a tint supply
 To give the lustre of her eye,
 Unless you catch the brilliant beam
 That plays upon the lucid stream :
 And tho' these various helps you gain,
 Yet, Artist, still thy labor's vain
 Unless some happy art you find
 To paint the movements of her mind,
 And make each speaking feature tell
 All that in the soul doth dwell ;
 If this you do, the work shall shine
 As like as human to divine.

V E R S E S,

TO

D E A T H,

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF AFFLICTION.

By U.

RELEAS'D from want, releas'd from woe,
And all the bitter ills of life,
To DEATH's drear vale I gladfome go,
No more with pain and grief at strife.

In his kind, hospitable arms
Alone, I hope repose and rest;
There sorrow's keen and wild alarms
No more shall rack my hapless breast.

Shame no more shall burn my cheek,
 Nor insults keen my bosom rend;
 Nor friends unkind my heart-strings break,
 For there each sorrow has an end.

Infatiate pow'r, avert thy stroke
 From those, who at thy presence start;
 An hapless wretch thy aid invokes,
 Oh! strike for once—a willing heart.

Oh what is life, that I should prize
 The leave to linger here below;
 To spend my days in tears and sighs,
 And count my years by added woe.

Oh then, dread pow'r, tremendous lord
 To all who pass a life of ease;
 Who ev'n by wretches art abhorr'd,
 While life has any means to please;

Why this delay?—I court thy aid—
 I beg, I bless thy friendly blow
 That lays me in thy peaceful shade;
 And saves me from increasing woe.

Nor fear that stroke shall cause a tear
Or make a single bosom sigh;
There never fell upon the bier
A wretch more desolate than I.

Thy dart, oh quickly let it fall,
Release me from this weary scene;
Nor let a single sod recall
The recollection—I have been.—

TO

A G E N T L E M A N

WHO INTENDED TO CELEBRATE A YOUNG LADY'S CHARMS
IN VERSE.

By THE SAME.

FORBEAR, fond youth, nor hope to trace
The beauties of ELVIRA's face :
'Tis not in nature to supply
The semblance of her liquid eye ;
Unequall'd by the brilliant beam
That plays upon the lucid stream :
The lively whiteness of her skin
Is not in polish'd marble seen ;
Far brighter than the milky rose,
Or down, that in the marshes grows ;

Her cheek, that glows so warmly bright,
Is milder than the morning light :
But 'tis as vain to mark each grace,
And count the wonders of her face,
As to expect with mortal eye
Ev'ry sep'rate star to spy,
Which lends its undistinguish'd ray
To charm us in the milky way :
Enough for us to know 'tis there,
All brightness and all beauty here.

E P I T A P H

ON

THE REV. THOMAS BENSON, D. D.

SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY THE SAME.

TO train three ages of unthinking youth
To Christian knowlege, scientific truth ;
That duty done—with soul compos'd and ev'n
To tread—what oft he shew'd—our road to Heav'n,
Was BENSON's fame—and be it ours, to prove
How deep our hearts are pierc'd with grief and love.
His fondness claims no common mode of woe,
No mean eulogium to his worth we owe ;
He grieves the most who most his laws obeys,
His pupils virtues are his noblest praise.

TO

A G E N T L E M A N,

WHO REFUS'D TO SHEW THE AUTHOR SOME FEW ESSAYS HE HAD MADE
IN VERSE.

By M——.

WHY should ALEXIS to my view refuse
The first attempts of his too modest Muse?
Dreads he in me a censor too severe?—
Partiality's the worst he needs to fear.
Or, do forebodings of immortal fame
With such high hopes his glowing breast inflame,
That, conscious of her pow'rs, his soul disdains
To own aught less than everlasting strains:
And like an Angel, hid in mortal guise,
His errand done, returning to the skies,
Does he expect to strike our dazzled sight,
And burst at once to majesty and light?
Dear youth! ah let not Fancy's dream seduce,
Nor hope to win at first a finish'd Muse!

The gold, that with the purest splendor shines,
 By time was ripen'd in Potosi's mines ;
 Tho' hard as rocks the adamantine gem,
 'Twas once as fluid as the flowing stream ;
 The sun, that with meridian fervor glows,
 With uninvigorating beams arose ;
 So faint imagination's morning rays,
 Such, and so brilliant be thy noon-tide blaze.
 From time alone and unremitting pains
 Proceed the lasting or the polish'd strains :
 With glowing thoughts tho' nature store thy breast,
 They're but the seed, and culture gives the rest ;
 With careful eye examine ev'ry thought,
 Nor let a beauty e'er excuse a fault.

Nor yet entirely on yourself depend,
 But chuse some candid, some discerning friend ;
 Who, fill'd with holy ardor for your fame,
 Will blot the verse unworthy of your name ;
 Will teach you to correct the rude design,
 And prune th' exub'rance of a needless line ;
 In narrower space your flowing thoughts condense,
 And keep wild fancy in the bounds of sense.
 And one you have in whom you may confide,
 Endear'd by friendship, and by blood allied,

Whose taste instinctive, whose harmonious ear,
 Whose happy fancy, and whose judgment clear,
 Will teach you what to follow, what avoid,
 And be at once your pattern, and your guide.
 Nor fear to let a candid judge peruse
 Th' unfinish'd fallies of your youthful muse;
 The hazy morn foreruns the brightest day,
 And rare th' unpolish'd diamond's splendid ray;
 This knows the critic; him you need not fear,
 It is the tasteless only are severe.

But should you still, too diffident, deny
 To shew your poesy to a judge's eye,
 To you one precept let me recommend,
 I would not venture, were I not your friend.
 In briefer language all your thoughts express,
 Th' unskilful only load themselves with dress;
 Condense each thought and ev'ry line retouch,
 And rather write too little than too much:
 When waters work themselves a broader bed,
 And, too diffusive, o'er their channels spread,
 They lose their beauty, swiftnefs and their force,
 And ev'ry obstacle impedes their course:
 But, if by Art's or Nature's hand confin'd,
 They flow within the narrow bounds assign'd,
 Thro' the gay vale the lucid waters glide,
 And roll to ocean—a majestic tide.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

By THE SAME.

BENEATH a mountain's dark tremendous height,
There lies a cave conceal'd from human sight ;
The deadliest vapors from its mouth arise,
Which blast each herb, and ev'ry flow'ret dies.
Here no soft zephyrs fan the blooming rose,
Carnations ne'er their various charms disclose ;
To nature's song no raptur'd ears attend,
With nature's luxury no branches bend ;
But baleful rue, and deadly hemlock shoot,
The machine! presents its pois'nous root ;
While savage monsters thro' the desert howl,
Answer'd by dreary screamings from the owl :
Here the dark yew and pensive cypress stand,
Fashion'd beneath the torturing shearer's hand ;

Some into crosses, some to gibbets sprout,
 Here waves a rack, and there the gallows shoot;
 Thro' the dark vale there flows a tide of blood,
 And mangled bodies float upon the flood :
 Ne'er do the skies their lively col'rings wear,
 But baleful tempests fill the darken'd air;
 While angry meteors hide Apollo's face,
 And serve to shew the horrors of the place.
 Within the cave does SUPERSTITION reign,
 Attended by a black, infernal train;
 Close by her side is perjur'd Treason seen,
 And Cruelty, first fav'rite of the queen ;
 Beneath the throne, false Zeal, the hell-hound stands,
 Who bathes in brother's blood his murd'rous hands ;
 Near him, ensanguin'd Murder and Deceit,
 Pale Cowardice and racking Vengeance wait;
 From ev'ry side eternal groans resound,
 And slaughter'd corpes strew the smoaking ground.
 Here lives the Fury, who, with anguish stung,
 Torn by remorse and by distraction wrung,
 Beheld RELIGION raise her hallow'd head,
 And all her glories round Britannia shed ;
 Saw Truth and Freedom in her train arise,
 And send united incense to the skies.
 With hating eyes she view'd the scenes of joy,
 And with her bosom counsell'd to destroy ;

When blackest guilt congenial fiends suggest,
And horrid transports fire her gloomy breast :
“ By all that’s horrible, she dies, she dies,”
With raptures loud the red-eyed fury cries ;
“ I see **RELIGION** gasping on the ground,
“ And in strong chains is hated Freedom bound ;
“ I see the isle, where once Eliza reign’d,
“ In error plung’d, in slavery enchain’d :
“ Swift on the wings of mischief, fiends arise,
“ And join to speed the sanguine sacrifice.”

And see, the arts of hell almost succeed,
Another day, and Britain’s glories bleed ;
When Mercy darting from her radiant throne,
Descends, and veils, in Friendship’s form her own ;
Rescues a sinking nation from its fate,
And saves **RELIGION** from infernal hate.

At Mercy’s altars, then, let Britons bend,
And hymn, in grateful strains, their guardian friend ;
Let no compulsion mark the road to right :
Ne’er drag an owl against its will to light :
Join’d let us raise mild Toleration’s throne,
And give the mercy that to us was shewn :

Let SUPERSTITION use convincing dread,
 Procrustes-like, fit mankind to her bed,
 And vainly hope in iron chains to bind
 The native freedom of the human mind ;
 Yet, let RELIGION use no borrow'd arms,
 But trust securely to her native charms ;
 Let ranc'rous thoughts to charity give place,
 And Christians all unite in Christian peace,
 Let each his zeal by his obedience prove,
 And all be moderation, peace and love.

THE
PRESENT STATE
OF
IRELAND,

AN EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1784.

By THE SAME.

WHEN now the rage of opposition's o'er,
And wordy war engross thy time no more ;
While faction, brooding o'er her dusky train,
Prepares her phalanx for the next campaign ;
Oh ! may the Muse her feeble voice intrude
Amid thy projects for the public good.
From poor IERNE'S desolated clime,
And quite a stranger to the *trade* of rhyme,
She comes : no flatt'rer at ambition's shrine,
No venal motives have inspir'd her line :
She holds her pow'rs for better ends design'd,
To teach, admonish, and amend mankind ;
To brand the boldest criminal with shame,
And write on adamant each virtuous name.

But few, how few in these degen'rate days
 Can boldly claim the tuneful meed of praise :
 Tho' in the spring fair virtue's blossoms blow,
 To full maturity they seldom grow ;
 The blight of pleasure blasts the tender shoot,
 Or passion's storms destroy the rip'ning fruit :
 The Muse, so oft, by fairy dreams misled,
 Has twin'd her wreath for some bold villain's head,
 That now, with pain, she checks the plausive string,
 Tho' thine each virtue she could wish to sing ;
 Cautious and fearful, lest, some future hour,
 Thou fall a victim to the lust of pow'r,
 Sink to a venal servant of the crown,
 Or, buoy'd by faction, dare insult the throne.

Think on the awful honors of thy name—
 The son of CHATHAM is the heir of fame ;
 As man, for whom a Saviour's blood was giv'n,
 Becomes thro' him inheritor of Heav'n :
 No humble fortune can on either wait,
 No mean obscurity, no middle state ;
 Thou and the Christian must or fall or rise,
 Damn'd deep to hell, or sharers of the skies.
 Rise then to glory, rise to honest fame,
 And add new lustre to a CHATHAM's name ;

Be thine that large and comprehensive mind,
 That feels for all the rights of all mankind,
 Feels for the sacred image of thy God,
 Where'er it stoops beneath oppression's rod ;
 Whether in India, panting at the line,
 Or here, where suns with milder lustre shine ;
 Whether th' oppressive ruler is the cause,
 Or the worse tyranny of tyrant laws :
 Be thine that honest, that enlighten'd soul,
 That, not to parts confin'd, takes in the whole ;
 Bound to no party but the friends of man,
 To future ages Britain's glory plan.
 'Tis not to add new thunders to her fleet,
 Or bring home millions, that can make her great,
 She must her pow'r from other sources draw
 To curb the Bourbons and give Europe law :
 Behold the dread complexion of the times,
 Imported follies join'd with native crimes ;
 These are the foes that Britain's laurels tear,
 To conquer these be thy unceasing care :
 Hope not to clear this torrent in its course,
 Thy pious care must purify its source :
 Be truly wise : be thy peculiar pride
 To check pale lux'ry's all-involving tide ;
 That fatal cause whence ev'ry evil springs,
 That dreadful bane to people, nobles, kings.

No longer free, high-spirited and bold,
 Debas'd by her, Britannia's sons behold :
 Once boast of Britain, conquerors of France,
 Now, only victors in the well-bred dance :
 Judges of dress, and critics in the mode,
 They scorn the vulgar paths their grand-fires trod :
 Superior arts demand their serious care,
 T' improve the dressing of a lady's hair,
 To chuse her feathers, and her trinkets buy,
 And suit her ribbands with a critic eye.

And lux'ry, ev'n where nature smiles, we find
 Destroys the virtues, tho' she spares the mind :
 She bids : the genius heads the pension'd band,
 Or scatters discord thro' the madd'ning land,
 In the wild roar of anarchy delights,
 Attacks a monarch's or a people's rights,
 With pleasure hears his bleeding country cry,
 To gain that wealth he squanders on a die.

But chiefly here, in this devoted land,
 She deals her poisons with unsparing hand :
 Here ev'ry ill luxurious folly brings,
 Without the wealth from whence that folly springs ;
 In Britain, wealth did luxury fore-run,
 But here, by imitation we 're undone ;

Hence midnight murders, midnight masquerades,
 O'er-loaded gallows, and exhausted trades ;
 Riot and fraud and violence are here,
 The bankrupt merchant and the needy peer ;
 Here stern oppression grinds the neighb'ring poor,
 To buy a title, or a painted —— :
 So bold is vice, so impious are the times,
 That puny villains, only, hide their crimes ;
 The great, the rich disdain an honest name,
 And lost to virtue, they are dead to shame :
 In law and justice thrifty nobles trade,
 Our peers give judgment only as they're paid ;
 A senator betrays his country's rights,
 And to this baseness perjury unites—
 The fact is prov'd : more wary villains jest,
 And with loud laughter is the cause dismiss'd.
 Debauch, excess and riot fill our court,
 Where order, law and virtue are their sport ;
 Nor this the worst : here faction's horrid train
 Increase our woes, and riot in our pain ;
 From this misconduct of our rulers draw
 A fond pretence to spurn at ev'ry law ;
 Beneath the name of reformation hide
 The treas'nous schemes of indigence and pride—
 Men, without wealth or int'rest in the state,
 Who cannot lose by any stroke of fate,

Unhappy things, for infamy too mean,
 Whose very vileness faves them from my pen ;
 These, happily exempt from private cares,
 Assume the lead in national affairs,
 Presume to dictate to a people's will,
 And dare, just pow'rs ! command us to rebel :
 Urg'd on by these, our starving rabble dare
 The last extremes of madness and despair ;
 See, thro' our streets these sons of riot fly,
 Order, and law, and magistrates defy,
 And from his house, ev'n in the face of day,
 To shame and terror drag their destin'd prey :
 Reformers roar for freedom, 'till they're hoarse,
 And prove their reas'ning with resistless force,
 Set up for champions in their country's cause,
 Yet dare insult the Majesty of laws—
 Wretches, who break thro' ev'ry moral tie,
 For reformation raise the clam'rous cry ;
 Witlings, blasphemers of their God and creed,
 For Christian love and toleration plead ;
 Nor by such conduct wander from their end,
 For on contention all their hopes depend ;
 'Mid civil discord villains rise to pow'r,
 Chance may exalt, but cannot sink them lower.

While his superiors lead such shameful lives,
 Oh ! with what nameless ills the poor man strives !
 See, where the peasant Adam's curse sustains,
 Briars and thorns alone reward his pains ;
 Up with the sun, he quits his mud-built shed,
 And earns, with bitter toil, his scanty bread :
 This weak dependant on his pamper'd lord
 Hangs on his smile, and lives but on his word ;
 And should he dare his meanest right to use,
 Or ev'n to break his country's laws refuse,
 Unhappy man !—compell'd to quit his home,
 He and his children, wretched wand'ers, roam :
 For them he begs, yet hears his prayer denied,
 For them he bears the insolence of pride,
 For them, perhaps, the sword of rapine draws,
 And falls a victim to his country's laws.

Now to our sickly cities turn thine eye,
 Where the pale artists, grasp'd by famine, die ;
 In yonder hut, the seat of want, behold
 A worn-out woman, shiv'ring with the cold ;
 At her dry breast her babe expiring lies,
 And on its mother turns its eager eyes ;
 While at her knee another infant stands,
 And vainly lifts for food its little hands :

She does not weep ; but mark that hollow groan,
 'Tis for her childrens suff'rings, not her own ;
 On the damp floor the wretched father lies,
 Struggling with complicated agonies :
 See, on his wife his eager eye-balls glare
 In all the horrid stillness of despair :
 Oh PITT !—if ever pity touch'd thy heart,
 To woes like these immediate ease impart ;
 Assist the new-born commerce of our isle,
 Bid trade revive and manufactures smile :
 While heavy duties guard Britannia's trade,
 Our infant arts let equal duties aid ;
 If round your full-grown oaks a fence you plant,
 Think what protection must our seedlings want.
 This justice, tho' Britannia's sons condemn,
 And fear, whate'er we gain is lost by them,
 Thou should'st superior to all parties rise,
 And view each nation with a father's eyes ;
 Should'st hold the balance with an ev'n hand,
 And guard the sacred rights of either land ;
 Nor let a part upon a part intrude,
 But seek of all the universal good.
 Int'rest and malice may thy schemes oppose,
 And gloomy faction arm an host of foes ;
 May strive to make thy monarch disapprove,
 Or hope to rob thee of the people's love—

Perhaps succeed—lay all thy greatness low,
 And snatch the well-earn'd laurel from thy brow;
 But all the efforts of the world combin'd
 Can't shake the purpose of the virtuous mind;
 The man of virtue on himself relies,
 And ev'ry censure, but his own, defies;
 Tho' int'rest court him, or tho' danger threat,
 That he disdains, and this he dares to meet;
 Pursues his purpose, sure, that truth must raise
 The glorious trophies of immortal praise:
 Secure, this praise let virtue's charms engage,
 Above the praise or censure of an age;
 Bound not thy glory to a single clime,
 The World, thy theatre; thy judge, all Time.

